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# THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE world is busy in finding subjects for journalists to write about and be eloquent upon. No sooner is the war harvest gathered in, but a thousand pacific subjects sprout up from the newly upturned soil, and tempt the literary gleaner. With the magnificent naval review on the 23rd inst., when the display of naval force will be something unparalleled in our maritime annals, the war-tragedy will close; on the 24th of next month the first scene of the peace extravaganza will dazzle the eyes of the Londoners. From all that we hear and see, the Government seems resolved to lay the guilt upon the gingerbread very thick indeed. There is to be a monster review, a general illumination, a fair in the Green Park, and a fabulous sum expended upon bonfires and yet more costly pyrotechnic frivolities. We presume that all this is for the benefit of that large mass of people who refuse to believe in the greatness or glory of anything that is not surrounded with a great deal of noise, ornament, and display.

In Paris the fêtes are to be still more splendid, and we do not wonder at it. The French have great reason to be satisfied with the conclusion of the war at the present juncture of affairs. Besides which, have they not an imperial prince to be thankful for? Paris in the month of May will be decidedly worth visiting.

St. Petersburg, too, has its attractions, sufficient to tempt the curious to the cold banks of the Neva. The Czar is yet to be crowned, and the ceremonies attendant upon that event are projected upon a scale of extraordinary magnificence. Already we hear of enterprising journals dispatching talented contributors to the capital of Russia; and, reflecting upon the state of things only a few weeks back, it seems odd to cast one's eyes over the advertising columns of the *Times* and read the offers to take you over to St. Petersburg in swift and first-rate steamers for fifteen pounds. Yet so it is, and we have no doubt that the swift and first-rate steamers are by this time taxed to the utmost of their power, in carrying back the swarms of English artisans, English nursemaids, and English governesses, who were summarily dismissed at the outbreak of the war.

Before dismissing the subject of the war, we have one little piece of gossip for the satisfaction of our readers, which is that the Queen intends to confer the honour of knighthood upon M. ALEXIS SOYER upon his return from Scutari. This only was wanted to put a *combe* to the whole business. The incident will certainly go down to posterity as a capital pendant to the knighting of the loin of beef; and all we have to say is, that we hope her MAJESTY will not forget to administer the *accolade* with a basting-ladle instead of a sword. Well, VATEL wore a sword, and ran himself through the body upon a point of honour; and why not, therefore, make SOYER Sir ALEXIS? In his own language, he will be able to describe himself as "Chevalier de l'Ordre du Bain-marie."

There has been a very pretty little quarrel between Mr. JOHN WILSON CROKER and A. HAYWARD, Esq., of the Inner Temple, well known as the translator of "Faust." Mr. HAYWARD, in the interest of the Count de MONTALEMBERT, objected to the translation of the celebrated essay on England which has created such a profound sensation on both sides of the channel; and in doing so he pointed out a number of obvious mistranslations, which, whether they arose from ignorance or intention, utterly wrested in several important particulars the intention of the author. Upon this hint Mr. CROKER came forth; for it appears that, although not precisely the author of the translation, it was executed by a lady under his special superintendence, and received his *imprimatur* before it was handed to Mr. MURRAY. The defence attempted to be set up for these blunders is such as, we venture to say, no man but Mr. CROKER would have the hardihood to urge. There is no blinking the question, no excusing the blunders, and pleading haste, confidence in the hack translator, or any of the other usual formula of excuse—Mr. CROKER admits the facts at once, and defends them boldly on the ground that the erroneous phrases are better than the original

ones. This is quite a new view of a translator's duty. First catch your author, then parody him, distort his meaning, make him say things that he never so much as dreamt of; and then, when you are charged with doing so, audaciously reply that you are perfectly aware of it, and that, so far from repenting of your misdeeds, you are, on the contrary, thoroughly convinced that you have very much improved your author by your treatment of him. It is an admirable illustration of Mr. CROKER's knowledge of French politics, and his fitness for superintending the translation of a French political work, that he requested to be informed whether M. DE MONTALEMBERT was an eminent man, and whether he had ever addressed the House of Peers? What should we think of a Frenchman who professed to be thoroughly acquainted with English politics, and asked whether Lord DERBY had ever made a speech in the House of Lords, or whether Lord LYNDBURST had ever been upon his legs?

One of the great topics of the fortnight at home has been Lord JOHN RUSSELL's remarkable failure upon the Education Question. After two long nights of debate, his Lordship's notable scheme, instituting a kind of educational police force, with authority to take all ignorant persons into custody and educate them by force, was most righteously and ignominiously rejected by a tremendous majority. In the course of this debate Mr. SAMUEL WARREN delivered his "maiden speech" with very telling effect, and thereby at once established a good reputation with the House. Compassionating the case of a *passé* politician, whose deficiencies have long been unmasked, and whose insignificance has been thoroughly demonstrated, attempting to regain the popular consideration which he has lost, by arts so puerile and feeble, the *Times* gravely tells Lord JOHN RUSSELL that he has not the slightest possible chance of ever being returned again for the City of London, and that the best thing that he can possibly do, seeing that he is quite useless elsewhere, is quietly to accept a peerage and betake himself to the Upper House. This is a fine compliment to the Peers.

If Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Bill had become the law of the land, the very first person liable to be apprehended by the educational police force would have been her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, Mr. JELINGER SYMONS. This gentleman, mistaking ignorance of a proved law for a discovery that it is erroneous, has been writing to the *Times* to state his conviction that the moon does not rotate round its own axis; and, not content with so doing, he appears to persevere in his scepticism, notwithstanding a number of very simple and apposite illustrations have been communicated to him with the view of convincing his mind of the absurdity of his position. As some of our readers may be unaware of the point at issue, we shall take the liberty of explaining that the moon has two motions, one in an orbit round the earth, and the other a rotation upon its own axis, and each of these motions is completed once in exactly the same period of time; that is to say, for every time the moon goes round the earth, it rotates upon its own axis once. One of the consequences of this coincidence is, that the same side of the moon is invariably presented to the earth; and that fact alone demonstrates beyond dispute that the moon *does* rotate upon its axis. To the already numerous illustrations which have been supplied to Mr. JELINGER SYMONS we will take the liberty of adding one more, and which will be found extremely simple, and which, we think, every one will understand. Let Mr. SYMONS stand up and then rotate upon his axis, or, in other words, turn himself about. He will then find that his face is presented in turn to every part of the walls. Then, having set a chair before him, let him consider that he can walk round that chair in two ways—either keeping his face constantly towards a fixed spot upon the walls, or by keeping it constantly towards the chair. Let him try the former plan first, and it will be at once obvious that, although his face has been constantly turned in the same direction, and although therefore he has not rotated upon his axis, yet he has presented every side of his body in turn to the chair. But if he tries the other plan and walks round the chair with his face turned constantly towards it, he will then find that he has also turned his face towards every part of the walls; or, in other words, he *has* rotated upon his axis. Then let Mr. SYMONS imagine the chair to be the world and the moon to be himself, and he will have cracked the nut of the difficulty.

We are glad to perceive from the New York *Criterion* that our remarks upon the unsatisfactory state of the Copyright question between this country and America, particularly as it was illustrated by certain negotiations for the republication of Mr. LAWRENCE's "Life of Fielding," have been not altogether without effect in the quarter where they were intended to be felt. It appears that a writer in the *American Publishers' Circular*, wincing under our remarks, has attempted to reply to our case in language which the *Criterion* characterises as "the bathetics of an ardent young gentleman." "If," adds the *Criterion*, "the CRITIC is to be answered, there must be a specific assertion that Messrs. APPLETON do pay for all the works they reprint"—an assertion which cannot possibly be made with any regard for truth. In this country it is now pretty well understood that, although a few of the more eminent among English authors may get fair terms from the American publishers, humbler writers (who, for the most part, stand in the greatest need of fair dealing) are abominably defrauded. Only the other day Mr. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the author of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House with the Seven Gables" and "The Blithedale Romance," speaking at the Mansion House on behalf of his countrymen, said that "he could only say that if he could pay one farthing of the great debt that America owed to the intellect of England, he should be more satisfied with himself than he had ever yet felt." We will tell him how it may be accomplished: by urging his countrymen to conclude a treaty of international copyright.

Since writing the above, we have received a private letter from New York, entering into a full explanation of the transactions respecting Mr. LAWRENCE's "Life of Fielding." From this it appears that there is an understanding among some of "the trade" in America that, if any one member announces the work of an English author for which he has paid, the rest will not interfere, or "publish over him," as they designate it. This looks like fair dealing; and we are glad to hear that our good opinion of the *bona fides* of Messrs. APPLETON is corroborated by the fact that they are at the head of this arrangement. The same letter also informs us that a republication of Mr. LAWRENCE's book will certainly appear.

The English press has been offering a strange present to "our faithful ally," the Emperor of the French—five little stanzas by BERANGER, which are likely to do "the chosen of December" more harm than all the eloquent invective of VICTOR HUGO and his followers. It is well known that the songs of BERANGER contributed more than anything else to the enthusiastic admiration for NAPOLEON I. which pervades the lower strata of French society, and which is the foundation of the present Emperor's power. That feeling was kindled after NAPOLEON fell, and it has never been extinguished since. The disbanded soldiers of the *grande armée* might have taken with them into private life an unbounded admiration for their general; but that would soon have died away if it had not been sanctioned, consecrated, and transmuted into a passion by—the songs of BERANGER. And now the poet of Liberty sees the result of his labours, and repents him of the work of his hands. "Ah! pardon the poor singer," he cries, "pardon me the glory, which I curse, and forget my wretched verses." But that is not so easy. Princes may forget their promises; but the words of a true poet are never to be forgotten. How great, then, is the responsibility of those true sons of genius who are able to sway the hearts of nations by their minds, and how careful should they be whenever they exercise their power? BERANGER sang for Liberty, and he has got—half a million of soldiers and Cayenne; he sang for freedom of opinion, and has got—the censorship: he sang for the Republic, and has got—the Empire. Poor BERANGER! we can sympathise with him. But what a singular piece of good policy it has been on the part of the English journals to print and spread about this solemn act of repentance just at this juncture.

We have received the following letter upon the subject of the translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Lowland Scotch, executed by Mr. RIDDELL for Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

SIR,—Being a Lowland Scotchman, I was naturally anxious to see the version of "The Gospel of St. Matthew translated into Lowland Scotch, by H. S. Riddell." My curiosity on the subject, which was somewhat intense, is now sufficiently gratified by the

specimen afforded to the public in your number of 1st April. The translation is not more Lowland Scotch than it is High Dutch. The language of Dandie Dinmont, of the Ettrick Shepherd, of Henry Scott Riddell himself in some of those lyrics which are familiar to his countrymen, is a language rich in variety of expression, euphony, and rhythm. The Lowland Teviotdale and Liddesdale Scotch has, so far as regards words only, a verisimilitude to the classic Scotch of the land of Burns. In the turn of expression, in its homeliness and depth, the likeness approaches that very language which Mr. Riddell has garbled—the language of the current translation of the Gospel. It is not unusual to hear a Lowland Scotchman, in common conversation, give utterance, unwittingly, to the richest rhythm—to hear what seems a passage or a paraphrase of Scripture, which has nothing in common with Scripture save the vehicle of communication. But we look in vain for anything like this in the published specimens. We find in lieu thereof English words misspelt, *scrimp*, and misplaced. The translation bears that relation to Lowland Scotch which Rowley's poems bore to Old English. For a time, the "glorious boy," Chatterton, was branded with infamy for his perpetrations, carrying though they did on their front the qualifying characteristics of genius. What, it may be asked, is to qualify a translation which carries on its face something like a lie, and adds to inaccuracy the evil of insult, rendering, as it does, our matchless Lowland language—a dialect if you will—simply contemptible and ridiculous. I respect Mr. Riddell as a song writer. But I fear that his Highness Prince Lucien Bonaparte has paid for eighteen copies of what will only provoke the sorrow of the wise and the laughter of the foolish. R. B.

Melrose, April 1856.

We cull a few important promises from the columns of the publishers' advertisements. Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT announce "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Koordistan, with Sketches of the Cossacks and the Caucasus," by Dr. MORITZ WAGNER; and Mr. MURRAY will shortly publish "Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia," by Lady SHELL; "Wanderings in Northern Africa, Benghazi, Cyrene, the Oasis of Siwah," &c., by JAMES HAMILTON; "Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Quorra and Tshadda in 1854," by W. B. BALKIE, R.N.; "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan," by J. P. FERRIER; and a work on "Turkey and its Inhabitants," by M. A. UBICINI. As a posthumous collection of HEINE's unpublished works will shortly appear at Hamburg, published by Campe of that town, the interest which has lately been excited in this country

towards that poet warrants us in expecting that they will be speedily translated for the English market; for which purpose we know no one better qualified than Mr. WALLIS, whose recent translation of HEINE's songs proves such a thorough comprehension and appreciation of the author.

Mr. LEONI LEVI has issued the prospectus of a work to be called "The Annals of British Legislation," in monthly and bi-monthly parts—consisting of "an impartial summary and digest of the papers which are presented from time to time to both Houses of Parliament; of notices of Bills which have been brought in; and of an analysis of those which have become Acts of Parliament—in fact, a sort of index or catalogue *raisonnée* of the legislative proceedings of each session. The work is to be published by SMITH, ELDER, and Co., and Prince ALBERT has given his permission that the work shall be dedicated to himself.

We understand that a prediction, which we hazarded some months back, is verified. If our information be correct, *The Idler* has appeared for the last time. We do not pretend to say that it needed any very great sagacity to anticipate the failure of a periodical which undertook to support the oldest and most thoroughly exploded follies of the ultra-Tory school of politics; but it is some satisfaction to know that the followers of that school are not numerous or strong enough to support even a sixpenny magazine. The worst feature of *The Idler* was the indulgence of gross personalities against individual writers, under the affectation of a high moral tone and a more than Roman candour. With this flimsy pretence it lately published a very gross piece of abuse against Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM; and, although that gentleman's name stands too high to be affected by such petty attacks, the perusal of it must have been painful to him, just as the small sarcasms of a witling were to Dr. JOHNSON. "Sir," said that great man, "you have been attempting to give me pain, and you have succeeded—not by the severity of what you have said, but from seeing your intention." This habit of indulging in personalities is the fault of all young writers, who have not much material to work up, and who imagine that it is the duty of a journalist to be continually hunting for something *spicy* and exciting. Nothing can be more absurd; for it degrades themselves, whilst it disgusts the public. Suppose the Royal Academicians, instead of painting pictures upon

subjects worthy of their art, were to send for exhibition nothing but caricatures of each other: what would the public think of them? L.

#### TO — — —, ON HER RECOVERY.

[The following lines, never before published or printed, were written by Mrs. Hemans, when she had just attained her 16th year, and therefore not yet assumed the name by which she is generally known in English literature. They were addressed to an amiable and esteemed lady, lately deceased, whose family and that of the authoress were neighbours and friends, Mrs. Foulkes, of Eriavati, a beautiful place in North Wales, to which allusion is made in the congratulations here poetically offered for her recovery from illness. One of Mrs. Hemans's surviving children has forwarded to us the lines in question, which are here subjoined.]

Waxes watching by the sleepless bed,  
Where sickness laid her fainting head,  
Affection breathed the silent prayer  
That Heaven, relenting Heaven, would spare;  
That prayer Devotion bore on high,  
Unlock'd the portals of the sky;  
And, kneeling at the eternal shrine,  
Implored relief for Caroline.

"Angel of Mercy! hear the sigh;  
Look down upon the suppliant eye!  
Oh! come with 'healing on thy wing:'  
The balm of renovation bring!  
To her, our joy, our hope, descend.  
The Wife, the Daughter, and the Friend!"  
And Mercy heard! the prayer prevail'd!  
Sickness! thy dart no more assail'd!  
Yea, Mercy heard, with smiles benign,  
And joy revived for Caroline!

Ye who in anguish, day by day,  
Have seen the torch of life decay,  
(Like some exotic, fair and frail,  
That dies before the stormy gale);  
Have marked the sad expressive smile,  
That fain your sufferings would beguile;  
The languor of the drooping frame,  
That steals upon the vital flame:  
Ye who have proved, for one as dear,  
Each thrilling pulse of hope and fear;  
Ye best can judge what *those* must feel  
Who love with all affection's zeal,  
When health her quivering lamp relumes,  
And seems to promise brighter blooms;  
Tints the pale cheek with living hue,  
Fires the dim eye with radiance new!  
Soon may we see her light divine  
Beam from *those* eyes, our Caroline!

The cloud that shaded with alloy  
The heaven of calm domestic joy,  
That cloud is gone! that heaven is bright  
Again with pure and tempered light!  
Long may it smile with ray serene  
O'er sweet Eriavati's woodlands green;  
O'er the dear Parrot's locks of snow  
Long may its balmy sunshine glow!  
Mild as the southern breezes play,  
And genial as the skies of May—  
And she, its gentle day-star shine,  
She whom we love—our Caroline!

FELICIA BROWNE.

Bronwhilla, 29th September, 1810.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*History of the English Revolution of 1640, from the Accession of Charles I. to his Death.* By F. GUIZOT. Translated by W. HAZLITT. London: H. G. Bohn.

MR. BOHN enriches our popular literature indefatigably, and with most meritorious success. The present volume is the well-known history of M. Guizot, presented in a cheap and readable form to the English public by a creditable and painstaking translator. As such it scarcely needs the hearty recommendation which we give it to all who are thoughtfully interested in the most profoundly instructive era of our national history.

But we are not prepared to receive M. Guizot's doctrines as those of infallibility. On the contrary, we are of those who believe them to be fundamentally wrong in their conclusions. Unless such were our conviction, it would be far too late in the day for us to traverse ground which the consecutive researches, and identical discoveries of M. Guizot, Mackintosh, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Macaulay have familiarised, perhaps even *usque ad nauseam*, to the student of modern English history. But we think that the time has come, or is at hand, when the questions which these brilliant writers are supposed to have sifted to the utmost, and to have set finally at rest, will have to be reopened and discussed from a wholly different point of view; and that it will then appear that their institutes will have to be either wholly cancelled, or accepted only after great and essential modifications. With such sentiments, we shall offer no apology to our

readers for asking them to accompany us in a hasty transit over the old track, and to aid us in a diffident but firm inquiry into its origin and tendencies.

In the advertisement to the edition of this work in 1841, M. Guizot says:

In 1688, England achieved the point she aimed at in 1640, and quitted the career of revolution for that of liberty.

In the outset of his introductory discourse—the ripe fruit of his latest years—he says:

The Revolution of England succeeded. It succeeded twice. Its authors founded in England constitutional monarchy. Its descendants founded in America the Republic of the United States. There is no longer any obscurity about these great events; time, which has sanctioned, has illumined them.

Again, in the same discourse he says, speaking of the motives and objects of the nation in 1640:—

One means alone could in their eyes confirm their security; this was that Parliament should retain the sovereign power it had assumed, and that it should be rendered permanently impossible for the King to govern against the opinion of Parliament, and of the House of Commons in Parliament. This is the result which in England constitutional monarchy has attained, and this is the aim which two centuries ago its partisans pursued. But in the 17th century they had neither the enlightenment nor the political virtues which this Government requires.

These extracts are the cardinal and key-stone doctrines of that great school whose chief teachers have been already named; who, during the first half of the nineteenth century, have conducted and elaborated the reaction which set in about the time of the first French Revolution

against the royalist partialities of Hume; and who have disseminated their views so successfully, that at the present hour they are the popular creed of nine-tenths of the most enlightened of living Englishmen. But it is in no spirit of vain paradox, but rather in one superinduced inevitably by the sight of recent and existing political phenomena, that we venture to hazard not only a doubt, but an utterance of a total disbelief, that such will be the prevailing doctrines of the last half of the nineteenth century. Our fathers, and especially the great men whom we have named, were and are giants, and we are probably pigmies; but Mr. Macaulay has taught his pupils that the pigmy, on the giant's shoulders, sees farther than the giant. We profess no such extended certainty of vision; but we claim the authority of the master to justify or excuse the scepticism of a pupil.

Let us therefore examine the propositions which have been quoted. They are the fashionable moral of our political revolutions: and as such they have been received complacently, and believed with little doubt, during the last century and half; in fact, since the revolution of 1688—a revolution, by the way, the name of which is becoming gradually as great a bore to the public ears as the Punic wars were to those of Dr. Johnson. Let us, however, inquire—strictly with present and future objects, and not merely in a spirit of antiquarian philosophy—whether time is not leading us even beyond M. Guizot and Mr. Macaulay. The public is weary of the "glorious revolution;" is it certain that it was glorious? This again is an old inquiry, but not altogether, we trust, as we are about to submit it.



We are told that the revolution of the seventeenth century succeeded; that it succeeded twice; that it aimed at transferring power from the King to the House of Commons, and that it achieved this aim. If this doctrine and these statements be true, the creed of the political optimist is complete. But we doubt the premises, and deny altogether the conclusion.

We believe that the aim was not by any means either, purely and simply, or in any literal and practical language, to transfer power from the King to the House of Commons, making the Commons the supreme legislature, the King the supreme executive, and leaving of necessity the House of Lords as an oscillating makeweight between both; and that, if such was the aim, it failed signally in the seventeenth century, continued practically a grievous failure until 1832, and has thenceforward "achieved" a very doubtful triumph up to the present hour.

What was the revolution of 1640? In simple truth, it was the revolt of the many against the few. It took, externally, the form of an outbreak against the bigotry of a church and the despotism of a king; but persecution in both cases was the grievance against which the inherent freedom and independence of English nature rose up in indignation and in arms. The protest was almost equally directed against the servitude of the body, and the servitude of the soul. Men demanded from men, neither wiser nor better than themselves, the right to control their own consciences, and their own actions, without interference from others, except so far as the manifest welfare of the community, embodied in the general security of life and property, rendered such interference clearly desirable and necessary. The millions of sober-minded and practical Englishmen have never yet been able to see that either their personal or aggregate welfare depends in any way on the supremacy of any one man, or any one class. Each man thinks himself rather a better judge of his own interests and his own affairs than his most intimate friend, or most astute neighbour; or, granting the superior astuteness of the latter, every man finds that the latter, somehow, when professing to protect and assist, has an ugly habit of warping the interests of the client to suit those of the patron; and when there is a collision of interests, as is constantly the case, the relation of patron and client becomes singularly like that of the wolf and the lamb. It is not surprising therefore that the Saxon mind, ever since it learned to think, has objected strongly to every unnecessary obstruction to the independent liberty of thought and action; that its chief anxiety has been, not to be molested in either case; and that accordingly it reluctantly powerfully against every institution which does not, proximately and perceptibly, compensate every diminution of personal liberty by an equivalent accession of personal gain. Liberty, also, is something dearer to it than either money or life; and it has never been backward in risking money and life for the preservation or recovery of liberty.

With such instincts and principles, the partly-educated middle classes of England rose up in 1640 against the oppressions of Church and State. They saw their objects indistinctly; and, as in all national insurrections, the immediate aim was to remove existing grievances. It was hard that men should not be allowed to worship God as they thought right, and hard that they should be imprisoned and taxed by the arbitrary will of one man. The theory of the constitution was doubtful; the precedents were conflicting; but the burden was abstractedly wrong, and practically unendurable. The first step was to remove it; the second to provide against its resurrection. The great mass of the nation agreed on the first point; but, unhappily, all were more or less at issue as to the nature and means of attaining the second. Yet something must be done; and since concord seemed impracticable, civil war was inevitable.

Thus began the great modern conflict between the principle of despotism and the principle of democracy. There were strong arguments for each. Monocracy was the divine form of earthly government, as copied from the theocracy of the universe. Its abstract idea was that of perfect wisdom, goodness, and power presiding over nations; its concrete idea was that of a strong and superior unity of will ordering and harmonising the conflicting interests of men. But its fallacy consisted in the unfounded assumption that the foremost man would also be the best; and it had been found, by bitter experience

that he was much more commonly the worst. It was this experience of unfaithful guardians that now made the nation think that their collective and individual interests would be better served if each man had a voice in the government proportioned to his interest, and if the majority had collectively a voice and power to control the minority. It seemed reasonable to the awakening intelligence of the nation that the interests of the few should yield to that of the many, rather than that of the many to the few. Yet in this reasoning, abstractedly so sound, there was also the fallacious assumption that the people were ripe and conscientious enough for self-government; and it was this premature optimism which led to such disastrous failures. There was neither truth enough nor organisation enough in the people, to maintain the undoubted justice of its cause against the compact interests and well-organised hypocrisy of the governing classes.

That we have fairly stated the different motives of the two great parties of the era of 1640 will be apparent to all who have studied, however slightly, the records of that time—even if their researches have not gone beyond Clarendon and the immortal prose works of Milton. These latter works, which after the lapse of two centuries are significantly leaving their obscurity, and guiding many of our finest minds on the most popular topics of the day—such as tithes, the law of divorce, &c.—are the best evidence of what were the aims of the highest and purest of the popular party. They point indisputably to such a republic as has since arisen in America. We are not now concerned to say whether their doctrines were utopian or inexpedient; we are concerned merely with M. Guizot's fundamental proposition as to the aims of the Revolution of 1640.

Such then were those aims; and their first practical objects were objects some of which have been accomplished only recently, others of which are only now rising again into contemplation. The reform of parliamentary constituencies was contemplated in 1640 wholly, as it was partly realised in 1832, and as it is still partly contemplated by Lord John Russell and Mr. Henry Berkeley. The codification of the law was contemplated, as it is still again being contemplated. The reform of the civil service, the distribution of all honours and emoluments according to merit, and none according to favouritism, was the essential thing contemplated. It is true that, although all this and much more was distinctly contemplated, much of it planned, and some of it actually realised, none of it endured. But this fact leads us to the second part of M. Guizot's doctrine, as to the "achievement" and "success" of our revolutionary "aims." Let us test this doctrine by a retrospect of the general facts.

A civil war of fifteen years, after sweeping away the king and the aristocracy, resulted in a parliamentary anarchy, or at least an executive inability to perform the simplest acts of legislation or administration with reasonable and necessary speed. Such was the justification or excuse for the intervention of a thoroughly able and not very scrupulous military despot. Such was the first failure of the revolution. It was clear that the democracy could not rule the country.

Yet there was still a gleam of hope in the magnificent enlightenment of the new tyrant, although his little finger was thicker than the loins of Charles I. He made the country great, flourishing, and respected abroad; but he passed away prematurely, and, by his death, proved irrefutably the practical fallacy of that form of government which transmits at hazard the sceptre of the genius to the fool. Again there was anarchy, and no second Cromwell. This was the second failure of the Revolution.

The worst was to come. The nation, wearied, exhausted, and despairing, restored the Stuarts. The restoration sealed the futility of that melancholy struggle between 1640 and 1660. France has had her own sad analogy to the case in the events which replaced her in 1815 where she was in 1788. Were not the saturnalia that followed 1660 the very fiend's arch mock over the high and holy motives of the English Revolution as planned by John Hampden and John Milton? Could any motives and principles have failed more signally?

But again the nation rose in 1688, and here, say M. Guizot and his school, at length the people triumphed and the Revolution succeeded. Succeeded! It succeeded assuredly in destroying the arbi-

trary power of the Crown, but it did not succeed in transferring any portion of that power to the people. It led incidentally, some years before, to a ratification of the subject's aboriginal right to his *habeas corpus*; but it substituted oligarchy for monarchy. It destroyed all that the Tudors had created, and that the Stuarts endeavoured vainly to maintain; but it restored the Government substantially to what it was under the Plantagenets, when the king was at most the first of a feudal aristocracy. Supported by them, he was their nominal chief; deserted by them, he was nothing. Thus it was from 1688 to 1832. The Government was no longer a government by one, but an oligarchy, well content to renounce the appearance while it retained the substance of power; and, while carefully relying on rotten boroughs, equally careful to magnify alternately the power of the people and the power of the sovereign, who had been equally denuded of power. The history of England from 1688 to 1832 is the history of the barons, not of the people, nor even of the sovereign. Does this history realise the popular views of 1640?

The history of England since 1832 is too recent, and too chequered in its political aspects, to justify a literary essayist in treating of it. It is certain that at that date, and for the first time, a large and apparently lasting element of democracy was at length infused into it, and that the power of the barons received ostensibly a severe shock. It is equally certain that the results of the Reform Bill have disappointed some of its ablest projectors, and that, allowing for the facilitated admission of the moneyed classes into the baronial classes, the influence of the latter is scarcely less than it was before 1832. The House of Lords governs the country by the local influence of its members, although it may be powerless against the united opposition of the Commons. It is recruited constantly by many of the ablest Commoners of the day, and it originates some of the most useful and popular measures. Perhaps at the present time our ablest statesmen, as certainly our foremost statesmen, are peers of the realm. It is not for us to analyse this question further, nor to question the value of an existing institution; but we think enough has been stated to raise at least a doubt whether it was the aim of that Long Parliament, which—perhaps in an hour of mad excitement—abolished the House of Lords, to substitute a baronial for a monarchical system of government; and whether, if such has been the actual substitution, it can be said truly that the Revolution succeeded. PHILO.

*A Constitutional History of Jersey.* By CHARLES LE QUESNE, Esq. London: Longmans. 1856.

AN authoritative volume, to give some information respecting the laws and constitution of those Channel Islands which occupy such an exceptional position as regards the rest of the United Kingdom, has long been required; and the public is deeply indebted to Mr. Le Quesne for having so ably performed the task. It is well known that Jersey has preserved not only its old Norman language, but its Norman laws; that the pleadings in its courts are still conducted in Norman French; and that *Le Grand Costumier* is not without authority in that island. But beyond this very little has been popularly known respecting the political position of Jersey. In 1846 a commission was appointed by the English House of Commons to inquire into the state of the Criminal Law in Jersey: the reports consequent upon its investigations certainly tended to throw some light upon the matter; but, generally speaking, all has been darkness and mystery. The jealousy with which the people of Jersey have regarded every attempt even to inquire into their insular affairs, has not tended to dispel this; and but for this work of Mr. Le Quesne the general public might have sought in vain for any definite information respecting laws which are so liberal that they exclude taxation, and are so arbitrary that Victor Hugo was expelled the island on the simple fiat of the Governor.

It would be obviously impossible for a publication like the *CRITIC* to give anything like an analysis of this compendious text-book. We can simply indicate the fact of its publication, in order that our readers may know where to look when next they are in want of the information which it contains.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The History of a Man.* Edited by GEORGE GILFILLAN. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THIS is, to say the least of it, a remarkable volume. It professes to be the "History," internal and external, of a "Man"—of a man of strong impulses, of eager and fiery imagination,

of quick susceptibilities, and wide, warm heart—a poet, a critic, and a divine. It contains sketches of village life in the remote glens of the north of Scotland, of student life at Glasgow and Edinburgh, of Scottish clerical life, of life in general in many of its phases and features, and of the literary life in particular. Innumerable characters, with whom the writer professes to have come into contact, crowd its pages; characters of all sorts and sizes, and of every hue of moral and intellectual complexion—poets, pedants, and prigs, preachers and professors; old women of the male sex, given to tea-tattle and backbiting; solemn humbugs, stump-orators, eloquent ranters, and non-eloquent roarers, and pulpit-thumpers, who, not satisfied with scattering the candlesticks and abusing the Bible, actually kicked the pulpit down by way of making an impression; of men of true genius and sincere piety, and of pretentious puppyism and sleek and hollow hypocrisy; of all classes of men, in fine, from the poor harmless village maniac, up to John Wilson and Thomas Campbell. It transports us from the workshop of the intellectual weaver at Strath Rennie to the moral philosophy class at Edinburgh, the logic class at Glasgow, and the divinity class of a Dissenting institution. It takes us to a *soirée* at Jeffrey's, with Hazlitt, Cockburn, and Carlyle; and ushers us into Ambrose's at a "Noctes," with Wilson, Lockhart, De Quincey, Aird, and "Delta."

The volume abounds also in interesting incidents—incidents not actually occurring in the life of the writer, but in the career of his companions at the village school, at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in the wider arena of literary and ministerial life. Many a tale is to be found here which may serve to "point a moral," of wounded self-love, of successful impudence, and struggling genius; of worth overwhelmed by miseries, and hypocritical cunning and artifice strutting proudly in the sunshine of prosperity. We have descriptions of scenery traversed by the author in his "vacation rambles;" the Trossachs, Loch-na-Gar, the pass of Killiecrankie, Dunster Castle, Glencoe, and many other spots remarkable for their beauty and immortalised by the footsteps of genius, are here reproduced. And then we pass from day-scenery to night-scenery, from waking fact to sleep and the world of dreams. And to that chapter on dreams we refer "all and sundry" who deny the reality of Mr. Gilfillan's imaginative powers; or who, admitting the powers, deny his ability to make an effective use of them. It is a splendid chapter; more in the style of Jean Paul Richter, however, than in that of De Quincey. In addition to all these various sources of interest, the work contains specimens of the conversational gifts of Chalmers and Wilson, Campbell, Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Lockhart, De Quincey, and, we believe, Thomas Carlyle; for we think we recognise in the fierce and angry diatribes of a certain "Mr. Carter" against the world as it is, with all that it contains, an echo of the not very gentle accents of that powerful but one-sided Boanerges and champion of all uncharitableness.

Indeed, these brilliant conversations constitute one of the most noticeable and attractive features of the book. Whether or not they are altogether "imaginary" it is not for us to say; but we should think not. It is extremely probable that they may have a certain basis in fact; but that they are *verbatim* reports of conversations that actually occurred, we do not believe. Fiction in these cases is truer than fact. Few men are equal to themselves in the slipshod of common and familiar intercourse. Where we find them so represented by a man of genial nature and kindred genius, we may safely conclude that he has had something to do with their adornment. At any rate, great dramatic power is evinced in these sketches and reminiscences. The verisimilitude of the several characters is well sustained throughout. The right words always fall from the right lips. It is Wilson whose eloquence bounds on impetuously as a mountain torrent after the autumnal rains; De Quincey who dreams and analyses, and lets loose his subtleties of thought in the dubious mazes of his involved and wandering talk; Hazlitt whose keen and splanetic remark braces up the tone of the *rêverie*; Jeffrey who flutters on from topic to topic, lightly and gracefully as any butterfly from lily-leaf to clump of pansies; and Carlyle whose volume of sugared venom poisons all the critiques on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, and Keats; whose dismal dyspepsia places the death's head and crossbones on the festive board.

After all, perhaps this "Mr. Carter" of Mr. Gilfillan's volume is a fancy portraiture, and not the likeness of any one man so much as the type of a class. And what a class it is! Moping misanthropists, who are quite out of their sphere in these post-diluvian days; whose eyes weep rivers of tears they don't know why, and whose hearts heave heavily as the birth-throes of a new world, or the convulsive gaspings of an expiring one; pietists without one grain of piety; ardent believers, who believe in nothing; sincere Christians, who repudiate Christianity—not, surely, because Christianity repudiates them; primordial wonder-worshippers agog with the glories of the primeval mists; and men who love darkness rather than light, not so much because their deeds are evil, as that moonshine and midnight go well together. These agonies of doubt, these grimaces of misbelief, are doubtless a disease of the times. Real in many cases, they are all affected in many others. There is true dignity in doubting; and who can doubt the depth of that wisdom that beards the wisdom of its ancestors! What can be more sublime than to say that this world is all a mistake, that it will not pay at any price; and, as for the next—where is it? Is not such a position quite unassailable? Let a man be a mannikin, a pigmy—what then, if he stands on the same platform as Hegel and Strauss? To be sure there is the old fable of the midge and the pyramid; but who minds that nowadays? Is not a pyramid a pyramid, whether it be an eagle that perches atop of it, or whether it be a beetle

In his coat of mail!

We implore the reader not to forget the "coat of mail" in his estimate of what a beetle is!

The style of the work before us is as noteworthy as the variety of its contents. It is manly, racy, vigorous prose always; and it kindles often into eloquence of the truest kind, and blossoms into poetry. Imagery is the language of strong emotion; beautiful imagery is the language of pure emotion; and it is easy to see when both are spurious, and when both are genuine. The rhetorical flourishes of feebleness are very different from the startling inspirations of genius; the laboured elaborations of hopeless mediocrity from the quick and vital creations of poetry. In this work Mr. Gilfillan exhibits more pliancy of style than in any of his former productions. He knows better when to fold his wings and walk. Altogether, we repeat, this is a very remarkable volume.

The volume begins at the beginning. "I was born," is properly its opening sentence. A queer little story is told of a quaint child of four, who was overheard by her father soliloquising to herself about a younger brother, whose name was Dirlrey. "There'll, maybe, be more Dirlreys yet; but I'm born, at any rate. Yes, I'm born!"—a truth which she felt no after event could falsify or displace. It reminds us of a similar assertion we once heard from the pulpit. The preacher, in his gravest tones, and amid breathless silence, startled his auditors by the utterance of these words—"We are all here—that's a fact!" There was no Hegel present, so the assertion passed unchallenged. A remote glen in the north of Scotland, shut in, to the south and north at least, by lofty hills, rising to the height of three thousand feet; a small village; a quiet manse; village and manse almost buried in deep rich woods; a cataract tumbling down the black crags; kind and pious parents, and the village school; volumes of Charnock, Flavel, Matthew Henry, Turretin, Calvin, Edwards on the Freedom of the Will, Spectator, Rambler, Milton's Paradise Lost, Thomson's Seasons, Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Dupin's Ecclesiastical History, with stray volumes of the Waverley Novels now and then; ghost-stories, and legends of the North; day and night, summer and winter, and all the inappreciable but certain influences which play on the heart of childhood, nourishing all its nascent energies, and inviting it to the exercise of its powers—these were the earliest instructors of the enthusiastic and imaginative boy. Out of this still retreat, he went at an early age, as a student, first to Glasgow, and afterwards to Edinburgh; studied theology five years at a Dissenting college; earned his livelihood by teaching; became a probationer, and in due time a minister; at thirty-two strode into the literary arena, won his spurs honourably, and has worn them worthily ever since.

As an autobiography, the book is fullest where the generality of such works are most sparse and

sparing. So far as the narrative is personal, it is rather a record of experiences and impressions than a history of events. And yet it is as full of incident as a melo-drama, and as exciting as the romances of Dumas, Sue, or Soulie. Only both incident and excitement are drawn from the career of those with whom the author has come into contact rather than from his own life; while the full force of his power is expended in exhibiting the phases of mental, moral, and religious experiences through which he has passed. In one respect, Mr. Gilfillan's literary career is peculiar: we allude to the number of manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal. All authors of any eminence are liable and subject to these intrusions; but perhaps no living writer has had such large demands made upon his time and patience in this respect as the author before us.

I cannot enumerate the authors, (he says) who have applied for advice in reference to their works or MSS., and in scarcely one case have I declined to give it. I lately packed up and returned sixteen MSS. in prose or verse, some of them as large as pulpit Bibles. My experience in this has taught me several lessons. I had no conception before that so many young men, and maidens too, were thinking and writing in a poetical way. The hundreds—I speak literally—of MSS. I have received within the last nine years, have come from the most various quarters; from Wales and from John o' Groats house; from Liverpool and the heart of the Highlands; from London, Bavaria, and the centre of Australia. They have been the compositions of both sexes, and all occupations, ages, and intellects—shepherds, ploughmen, tailors, tinsmiths, young ladies, old ladies, old gentlemen, wine-merchants, pattern-drawers, cattle-dealers, clergymen, gentlemen of family and fortune, have been included in the list.

When it is remembered that the author has to write two sermons every week, to visit the sick and the sound of his flock, to make speeches and prepare occasional lectures for young men's Christian associations and mechanics' institutes, to write magazine and review articles, to edit a complete edition of the British Poets, and to write many books, it will be acknowledged that he has altogether a busy time of it, without these hindrances and obstructions. And nothing but method and regularity would enable him successfully to encounter all these difficulties and get through these multifarious tasks. He must take "time by the forelock," or his avocations would run away with him bodily.

I am often asked (he says), with real or affected wonder, how I can get through so much work of various kinds. My answer is—sleep and system. I sleep eight or nine hours out of the twelve, and I never write after dinner or supper. I never have, at any time, written more than five hours a day, and I read at meals and odd moments. At Edinburgh I hurt myself, as I said, by sitting up late to study; and when I obtained a settled position, I said, "I shall throw down my pen every night at nine;" and, with the exception of three several times in nineteen years, I have kept the resolution.

Altogether this is the most graphic "Gallery of Portraits" that Mr. Gilfillan has opened for public inspection. It is the raciest, and, we may venture to predict, will prove the most popular, of his productions. The personages who have sat to him for their likeness are, as we have already said, of the most various order—from the merest quiz, the most bare-faced humbug, up to the truly great and gifted; literary and non-literary; lay and clerical; sad, sober, and comical. Although strictly popular in its structure and treatment, the work is not constructed after the model of the auctioneer's inventories. The author of this stamp—and his name is rapidly becoming Legion—seems to suppose that all things exist only to be tabulated in his pages. He thinks he cannot do enough at cramming and crowding that "Old Curiosity Shop" of his with every conceivable object, from a pair of satin slippers down to a treacle-pot and a damaged toothbrush. He describes every article in an old clothes warehouse with the utmost fidelity and minuteness; revels in the glories of a toy-bazaar; and goes with gusto into a tripe-shop. If he is on a visit at a gentleman's house, he gets down into the kitchen among the mops, pails, and broomsticks. He quizzes the fender and the fire-irons; and has friendly words, in abundance and to spare, for the water-jug and the slop-basin. He fancies his style racy because it is rough; and in writing down "Cakes and Ale," thinks he has provided you with a repast. He supposes he is out-rivalling Mr. Dickens in his own walk; and concludes that he is a wit, a genius, and a humorist because he has fondled the clothes-maid and coquetted with the tea-kettle.



On the contrary, *The History of a Man* is as rich in reflection as it is in incident, anecdote, and portraiture. It contains something for all tastes, from the mere lover of light literature, to the most thoughtful admirer of genius, and the most earnest inquirer after religious truth. To the literary man it will be full of interest, both from the fact that it is the production of a man now living, and narrates the experiences of an author of these days of magazines, reviews, and literary journals, and because it contains reminiscences of characters about whom the well-informed reader is never weary of hearing. The book has evidently been produced *con amore*; and we congratulate the author on the appearance of a work which we have read with as much pleasure as that with which we are sure it was written.

BETA.

## EDUCATION.

*The Geometry of the First Three Books of Euclid, by direct proof from Definitions alone.* By HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD, M.A. London: Walton and Maberly.

It has been well remarked that "Euclid's Elements" is the most wonderful book perhaps, with one exception, in existence; this clearly is not Mr. Wedgwood's creed, for he is one of those who believe that in Geometry "the only absolutely conclusive principle of reasoning consists in deductions from the terms employed;" and that, consequently, in maintaining Euclid as our now almost universal text-book for educational purposes, we are supporting a system which is both imperfect and unsound. Our space does not permit us to enter into the abstract question (mistaken as we consider Mr. Wedgwood to be), and we must content ourselves with a very brief examination of the work before us, which is intended for a school-book which will enable those who adopt it to do without Euclid at all, and be quite independent of all axioms, postulates, and problems. That such is Mr. Wedgwood's object we gather from his preface, in which he states that "if there be no important fallacy in the reasoning of the following pages, no further room will be left for essential reform, and it would be contrary to the spirit of sound philosophy if the name of Euclid were weighty enough to preserve the sway of his imperfect system in English education, when once the true foundation of the science was effectually made known."

Let us turn to Mr. Wedgwood's book, and see whether the book which is to supersede Euclid on the ground of imperfection, is not in itself imperfect and inconsistent.

Mr. Wedgwood defines a circle to be

A line passing through every point in a plane which lies at a certain given distance from a point called the *centre of the circle*. A straight line from the centre to the circumference is called the *radius*.

If the circle be the curved line, as our author states, what, we would ask him, is the circumference?

To us Euclid's definition of a plane surface seems simple and intelligible, and we do not think that Mr. Wedgwood has mended the matter by giving us in lieu thereof a very complicated expression of the same idea:—

A plane is a surface, passing through every point that can be reached from a given point under the condition of a total absence of motion in a certain constant direction called the *normal* to the plane.

If the definition of Euclid be imperfect (as our author asserts), how much more so is this?

If we thought it desirable to make long quotations upon such a subject, we could easily show that Mr. Wedgwood has (as all writers before him with the same idea and object have done) tacitly assumed, in the demonstrations of the theorems which he gives us, more than one of the axioms of Euclid; but the above instances will, we think, sufficiently prove that our gain would be negative were we to resign Euclid for the system of which our author is the exponent. Further, Mr. Wedgwood omits all problems from his book on the ground that "the possibility of a construction properly framed will need no extraneous proof;" in other words he would say, we presume, that practical geometry should be taught purely as an art, and not in any way as a science; that we should direct *how* to perform a certain geometrical construction, but omit as unnecessary all *proof* that the figure thus drawn does possess the distinctive properties required. What would be the natural result of such teaching? Would it not be to leave those who fol-

lowed it ignorant of the true principles of construction and design, from the fact that their system of mensuration was based only upon the memory? Is such knowledge of much value?

We must take leave of Mr. Wedgwood by including his book in the sentence which he himself some twelve years since pronounced upon the attempts of others, when in his "Principles of Geometrical Demonstration" he wrote,—"Hitherto, however, all attempts to frame a system of geometrical demonstration, upon a basis of definitions alone, have uniformly failed."

*The French Language Simplified.* By L. NOTTELLE. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1856.

The plan of this manual is—first, to convey a correct notion of French pronunciation by means of English words of similar sound; secondly, to give examples of French reading and translation; thirdly, to indicate the points of similarity between the French and English languages; and, lastly, to inculcate the principles of grammar and composition. It is a moot question whether grammar ought to precede or follow the empirical knowledge of a language, and we are willing to give M. Nottelle the benefit of the doubt upon that score; but there can be very little dispute about the feasibility of accurately conveying the pronunciation of French by means of English equivalents. Two or three examples, taken at hazard from M. Nottelle's pages, will suffice to demonstrate the absurdity of the attempt:

FRANCE.	PRONUNCIATION.
Tournez le dos.	Tour-kneel-doe.
Il connaît ma sœur.	Il con-eh Ma Sir.
Cet âne galoppe.	Set Ann gallop.

This will never do. At the same time, it is only fair to admit that the other portions of the task are well executed.

*Universal Writing and Printing, with Ordinary Letters, for the Use of Missionaries, Comparative Philologists, Linguists, and Phonologists.* By ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, B.A. London: F. Pitman. 1856.

WITHOUT giving any opinion upon the practicability of such speculations, we cannot forbear a testimony to the ingenious perseverance with which Mr. Ellis pursues his researches after a universal system of spelling. His "Alphabet of Nature," "Essentials of Phonetics," and "English Phonetics," are all efforts in the same direction; and the pamphlet before us brings the system nearer to perfection than it has ever been brought before. One advantage Mr. Ellis's system has most decidedly over those invented by Professor Lepsius and Professor Max Müller, and that is that he makes no use of accentuated letters. Each letter has its own express significance, and requires no accent or sign of any sort. Mr. Ellis offers, in fact, two plans to the notice of philologists; the first, his "Diagraphic Alphabet," which receives its name from its method of supplementing deficiencies by a systematic use of two or more letters in juxtaposition to represent a single sound; the second is called the "Latinic Alphabet," so called from the strict use of the Roman alphabet. Mr. Ellis explains that his systems are not intended to supersede any other for the orthography of any particular language, but are only meant to be temporary scientific instruments (pending the invention of better and more convenient) for the use of philologists.

*Reddita Reddenda.* By ADOLPHUS HEERKLOTZ. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.

A GERMAN exercise-book, upon a simple and excellent plan, useful for those who have made some progress in the language, and have mastered the difficulties of the grammar. The exercises consist of English translations from well-known German authors, and they are to be retranslated into German (hence the name of the book). The great advantage of this is that the pupil can, by comparison with the originals, detect for himself the shortcomings of his own German composition.

*M. Tullii Ciceronis de Finibus.* Recensuit HENR. ALANUS. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co. 1856.—This is the last addition to Mr. Allan's valuable series of Classical reprints.

*Fabulae Phædri.* Oxford: J. and H. Parker.—The last addition to Messrs. Parker's handy little series of pocket classics is the present edition of Phædrus's Fables. The text of Orellius has been followed throughout, and English notes are appended for the use of schools.

*Manual of Moral Philosophy.* By G. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D. London: Longmans and Co. 1856.—This is another of the elementary manuals prepared by the head master of the Cheltenham Grammar School for the use of schools.

*"Julius Cæsar."* Translated into Latin by Henry Denison. (Oxford and London: J. and H. Parker).—A translation of Shakspeare's play into elegant and flowing Latin prose; undertaken with a view of calling attention to what may be done in the way of translating from English into Latin. Mr. Denison believes that if these translations were more frequently made, the study of the Latin language would be relieved from much of its laborious tediousness.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Syria and the Syrians; or, Turkey in the Dependencies.* By GREGORY M. WORTABET. London: Madden. 1856.

MR. WORTABET'S book is not remarkable otherwise than because it is the production of a native Syrian, a native of Bayroot. If the author were an Englishman, we might have objected to him that his style is clumsy, and often inaccurate; and, if he pretended to be anything more than a mere tourist, we might have justly urged that he treats an old subject as if it were entirely new, and apparently ignores the labours of all other travellers in the same direction; as it is, we can only select a few of the best passages as they struck us in looking over the book. The first extract gives an account of a sale in Syria.

On the parapet of the shop, which is raised a little better than a foot from the ground, sits the merchant, cross-legged, lazily smoking his *nargeel*, and playing with his beads; he is the picture of gravity. A customer comes who wants to purchase a *mendeel*, Swiss handkerchief. He reaches one to him, speaking naver a word, but resuming the smoking of his *nargeel*, which he had only laid down to reach the handkerchief. The choice is made; and now for the price—the customer wants to know its value. The merchant tells him, *Ma fee tikleef bain na*, "There is no ceremony between us;" which here means that there will be no difference between us as to the price. But the customer desires to know the price. *Kullo bil ub*, "All is in the pocket," answers the merchant; which means to say that it makes but very little difference whether the money is in your pocket or mine. This the customer knows to be all humbug, and is certain that the merchant will not let him stir till he has paid the last farthing; so he again asks the price he will take for the handkerchief. The merchant offers him the *nargeel* of which he has been smoking, and asks him to get up on the parapet and sit down with him. "Why this haste? Walk up and sit down—it is a long time since we have seen you—where has been this absence?" The customer takes a whiff or two of the *nargeel* and then returns it to the merchant, who resumes smoking, and presses on his customer to get up and sit down with him. This the customer declines, but continues to inquire after the price of the handkerchief. The merchant now tells him; the price demanded is just double what he wants; this the customer seems perfectly to know, and consequently offers him only a quarter of the amount asked. They bandy words, mixed with many compliments, which end in smoke, and the handkerchief is sold and bought at half the original demand.

We next subjoin an amusing picture of pilgrims bathing in the river Jordan:—

At a quarter after five, we reached the verdant banks of the Jordan. Here we saw the pilgrims had arrived, and were bathing pell-mell. The sight was now far more exciting than ever; hundreds of pilgrims, men, women, and children, dressed in long white gowns, were being immersed in the river. This white gown is afterwards reserved by them as their death shroud. On gaining the water's edge, a strong man received the people and dashed them under the water two or three times, till the poor creatures were quite suffocated; but, not content with these three dips, which are generally after the number of the Trinity, the pilgrim seeks again to dip himself in the water. They dipped themselves and rubbed themselves, as if they were enjoying a foretaste of paradise. Some who could swim were floating on the current, others holding by some bush. I stood entranced; the vociferations, the Babel of languages, and the pell-mell scene, was one of the most exciting of its nature. On coming out of the water, the pilgrims congratulated each other with these words—"An acceptable dip!" "May it be blest to you!" which means, May God accept your pilgrimage, and wash away your sins. Old and young, men and women, clergy and laity, rushed into the water, and buffeted with the rolling element.

*The Great Arctic Mystery.* By ΠΑΛΟΙ ΣΥΜΒΟΛ-ΑΕΤΟΜΕΝΟΙ. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

THE object of the writer of this pamphlet is to enter a protest against Dr. Rae receiving the reward of 10,000*l.* offered by the Board of Admiralty to "any party or parties who, in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, should, by virtue of his or their efforts, first succeed in ascertaining their fate." The arguments of the objector appear to divide themselves into two heads:—firstly, that Dr. Rae has not by any means satisfactorily ascertained the fate of poor Franklin and his companions; and, secondly, that what he *did* ascertain was not the result of "his efforts," but of accident, inasmuch as his expedition was planned for quite a different purpose; and, further, because, when he heard the statement of the Esquimaux, and gained possession of the spoons, buttons, &c., he returned, without making any further inquiries, with a painful and incredible story about Franklin and his companions having eaten each other up. This is a question for the Board of Admiralty to settle.

## FICTION.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

*Maurice Elvington; or, One out of Sorts with Fortune: an Autobiography.* Edited by WELFORD EAST. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

*The Old Vicarage: a Novel.* By Mrs. HUBBACK, Authoress of "The Wife's Sister." &c. 3 vols. London: Skeet.

*Madeline Clare; or, the Important Secret.* By COLBURN MAYNE, Esq. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Rank and Beauty; or, the Young Baroness.* 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*The Letter and the Spirit: a Novel.* By Professor H. 3 vols. London: Newby.

PEACE will restore literature to the supremacy from which it was deposed by the war. A few months ago nothing was read but newspapers containing the latest intelligence from the Crimea or the Baltic. Compared with the excitement of actual battles, and the romance of reality that was passing before our eyes, the romance coined by the brains of novelists was flat and unprofitable. Books were voted dull reading after the letters of "Our own correspondent;" the vital interest of the present overwhelmed our regards for the past. Poetry was silenced by the thunder of cannon; the most eloquent writer could not find a willing and attentive audience. Books ceased to sell, and therefore publishers ceased to print, save only such as were connected with the topic of the day. Authors were no longer in request, and literary journals were out of favour. The prospect of a protracted conflict threatened a worse fate for both, and ruin impended over literature and all dependent upon it.

Happily, peace has been restored, and with it will come a rapid revival of the arts of peace. The cloud, indeed, is already passing away. Paternoster-row is beginning to be busy again. Announcements of new books come forth every day. Authorship has resumed its pen and its smiles, and booksellers are full of hope and of promise. The newspapers are intolerably dull; and, turning from them in utter weariness, readers hasten to renew their acquaintance with the journals devoted to literature and art, which once more take them out of the ignorant present into the thronged regions of the past, or into the brilliant realm where fancy creates her own world. Already do our columns of advertisements proclaim the advent of the revival of literature and art, and the new novels named above give an earnest of the crowd that is soon to follow.

It must be remembered, however, that these fifteen volumes were all written before peace was even deemed to be possible, much less to be near. They must have been accepted by the publishers during the period of depression, when booksellers dared not speculate in the purchase of costly copyrights from the authors of highest fame. Hence they are not to be taken as fair indications of the quality of the fare which the peace will provide for the millions of readers who will desert the newspaper for the literary journal, the magazine, or the book. In truth, these are little more than pilot balloons, sent up to try the direction of public taste, which, after its long diversion, is very likely to take some new and unexpected turn. Indeed, there is ample room for it in the department of fiction. In this there has been for a long time past a gradual, but steady decline. The English novel had grown utterly effete. It was wanting in the principal ingredient in fiction, invention. Our novelists appear to have been entirely incompetent to the construction of a plot, and wanting in ingenuity to devise novel incidents cleverly linked together, seemingly disconnected, yet tending all of them to the development of the catastrophe. A moral, pretty sentiments, much preachment, virtue always rewarded—for which our novelists have been conspicuous—did not compensate for the absence of plot; and so they were going out of public favour when the war came to extinguish them altogether.

It is with great anxiety that we now look for the revival of literature, curious to see if our old novelists enter upon a new course, or if a new race will arise better qualified to command the attention of readers who will not now endure the namby-pamby which offended them before. A glorious opportunity offers now to genius, which at a step, and almost without an effort, by adopting a new style of novel writing, or rather of invention, might command unbounded popularity and reap the golden harvest

which popularity brings with it. Reviewers, as well as readers, are prepared to give a hearty welcome to any writers who will rise in rebellion against the conventional school of modern novelists and set up for themselves; for the sake of originality, they will forgive many faults—for positive errors are less vexatious than this dullness of mediocrity.

We repeat that it is due to the authors of all the novels now under review, to remind the reader that they were written before the new era which we hope and believe that peace will bring to literature; they belong, therefore, to the past rather than to the present, and must be judged by comparison with their contemporaries. Thus treated, most of the remarks they call for are equally applicable to all of them. All exhibit the same marked defects and excellencies. All are deficient in plot—all lack invention; but all are irreproachable in sentiment and in tendency. There is a want of spirit in the dialogues, which are rather preachments than talkings, and they are written to measure, being expanded or contracted, so as to fill precisely three volumes of 300 pages each, whether the requirement of the story be one volume or five. Compared with their predecessors of the era before the war, they neither improve upon them nor fall short of them: they are of the old average merit. But, nevertheless, the reading world will rejoice greatly if they should prove to be the last of their race.

A few words on the peculiar characteristics of each will suffice to introduce them to the reader who desires to know what new books there are for the circulating library.

*Maurice Elvington* has more talent in it than either of the others, by which disagreeable but indispensable term we mean to express that quality in a writer which the reader recognises as far above mediocrity, but yet somewhat below genius. It is manifestly the production of a young man who has seen a section of the social world, and supposes that he knows "life." Within the range of his actual experiences he is truthful and graphic; but when he goes out of them, he is either extravagant or dull. The beginning of the autobiography, for that is the form of the story, is lively and pleasing, for the scenes depicted are those which the author has witnessed—life about town, in chambers, in the regions of authorship, in the middle-class circles. But when he quits these, and throws himself upon his invention, he produces a melodrama, and not a novel—as in all that portion of the adventures in the East, to the sad close of the tale, which are pure romance, but wanting in the ingenuity which makes romance pleasing. It will be gathered from this that *Maurice Elvington* is a work of promise, and that we deem the author to be one of those who might, if he pleased, take a foremost part in the new school which we look forward to as the first-fruits of the new era.

*The Old Vicarage* is by a practised and not an unsuccessful hand. Mrs. Hubback has written some good novels—that is, good according to the then standard of novel writing. She tells her story well; but the story has the universal defect for which not even good writing will compensate. Her descriptive passages are very clever and artistic; a few happy touches bringing before the mind's eye a whole group, or an entire landscape. Her dialogues too, are smart, and some of her characters well-conceived. In the lack of books of a higher class, this novel may be placed upon the shelves of the circulating library, for it will please multitudes whose tastes have not been cultivated to enjoy something more stimulating to the fancy. And it has the further merit of being a wholesome book in all its sentiments and aims.

*Madeline Clare* is mainly to be commended for the beauty of the writing. The composition is extremely graceful, rising sometimes to eloquence; a poetical tone pervades the work; there is heart in it, and wherever that is sympathy is sure to be awakened in others. Viewed critically and coldly as a work to be tried by rules of art, and it will not endure the test—for it is not artistic; but it pleases, and that is the primary purpose of fiction; it will be read right through by every person who begins it, and that is the novelist's triumph. Mr. Mayne is, we presume, new to literature. We may congratulate the literary world on such an accession to its ranks. He also has the capacity to take a forward place in the ranks of the new era, for he has a large intellect that has been well-cultivated; he seizes character like a portrait-painter; he brings the

man before us in bodily form; he is indistinct only in sketching, or rather in developing, the mental characteristics. These are sometimes incongruously put together, proving that Mr. Read has not yet sufficiently mastered the science of mental physiology, so essential to the novelist who would paint human nature truly. As with all English novels, the story is wanting in construction; the plot is commonplace; the incidents are those of other novels in recombination. Mr. Mayne has the capacity to invent a plot that shall be really his own, with incidents that shall be really new. Let him try it on the next occasion. If he can please now without it, he would enchant with it. The prize is worth an effort.

The author of *Rank and Beauty* conceals his name; and we therefore conclude that it is a first appearance. He will not need to preserve his incognito; for there is a promise here which can scarcely fail to issue in performance that will entitle him to a high place among contemporary novelists. The first quality we remarked in *Rank and Beauty* was its singularly dramatic character, which it retains to the close. Now this is a principal qualification for a novelist. A good novel is only an elaborated drama; the author does but describe, in words, actions and scenes which the actor and the painter represent to us upon the stage. In all other respects the work is the same, or ought to be, and precisely in proportion to the dramatic character it has does the novel approach to excellence. When, therefore, we say that *Rank and Beauty* is dramatic, we award to it the highest merit; and if in other qualities the author had been equally excellent, we should have pronounced him "the coming man." But he partakes of the common feeling of his countrymen—his plot is defective, the incidents are very common-place, and there is a singular absence of ingenuity in the construction of the story. Nor are the characters original. We have been introduced to all of them oftentimes before in other fictions. Happily these faults are the faults of inexperience—practice will cure many of them; while his excellence is his own—a gift of nature, which he should sedulously cultivate. This new novel will not slumber on the shelf, and its success will, we hope, encourage the author to laborious endeavours to cultivate the faculties he enjoys, so that his future reputation may be worthy of its present promise.

*The Letter and the Spirit* is more a romance than a novel. There is no lack of incident here, nor of romantic incident neither; its fault is just the other way. It belongs to the spasmodic school. The story is told with great vigour; there are some powerful descriptions; and those who love excitement will find enough of it here. When somewhat toned down, Professor H. might become a novelist of repute; for there is good stuff in him, though mingled at present with too much of alloy, in which we lose sight of the true metal.

*Beyminstre.* By the Author of "Lena," &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

If the materials out of which *Beyminstre* is constructed are not entirely new, it must be confessed that they have been managed with great ingenuity and artistic skill. The idea of making a young lady succeed to a fortune which a young gentleman has expected, and of the consequent interruption of a "course of true love" which had sprung up between them, complicated by a variety of considerations of delicacy, sensitiveness, and wounded pride, may be met with elsewhere; but we do not remember that it has ever been used to greater effect than in this novel.

Regina Howard, the heroine of the tale, is a model young lady, accomplished, polished, witty, sensible, and virtuous. Alban Willingham, the hero, is not quite so interesting a character. His pride renders him disagreeable, and his neglect of Regina, when he finds that his coveted inheritance of *Beyminstre* has slipped through his fingers into hers, is, to say the least of it, a very questionable mode of showing the sincerity of his love. The subordinate characters, Old Winter the music-master, Lord and Lady Oswestry, Winny Hopper, etcetera, are drawn in a masterly style, albeit the last-named character tends slightly towards exaggeration. The scenes from fashionable life seem easy and natural, not too stilted or *coulour de rose*; and the little episode in which the handsome Lord Henry Montresor endeavours to seduce the pretty governess is, we are afraid, but too life-like. The tale is skillfully worked out, and, if we are disappointed



with anything, it is that the particularly uninteresting Sir Alban Willingham is made happy at its conclusion.

*Kennee-Voo; or the Sacking of Allaroonch.* By THOMAS GREENHALGH. London: Longmans and Co. 1856.

A TALE intended to throw some light upon African life and the horrors of the African slave trade. Kennee, Prince of Allaroonch, is a sort of African Achilles. War is made upon his country by the King of Dahomey and his fierce amazons. Kennee and his beautiful sister Mylia are taken, and are nearly sacrificed to the horrid rites of Fetish worship, but are sold into slavery. Eventually they regain their freedom, and Kennee returns to Allaroonch with a knowledge of the inventions of civilisation, which enables him to achieve a signal triumph over his enemies the Dahomans. The story is well written, and clearly told, and, however much the African character may be exaggerated, we believe that the pictures of slave life and the slave trade are only too accurate.

*The Pirates of the Mississippi.* By FREDERICK GERSTÄCKER. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1856. MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE have added to their cheap series of novels the translation of Gerstäcker's thrilling romance. Many years ago the Mississippi was infested by a gang of villains who hid themselves among the islands with which it abounds, and robbed and murdered unwary travellers and the owners of merchandise who trusted themselves within reach. The discovery and fate of these monsters form the material out of which this tale is woven.

*The Two Homes, a Tale.* By the author of "Amy Grant." Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. 1856. A WELL written and instructive tale, intended for the poor, and written with a deep sympathy with, and an intimate knowledge of, the "short and simple annals" of their habits, their feelings, their joys, and their sorrows.

*Peter Simple.* By CAPTAIN MARRYAT. London: Routledge and Co. 1856. SOME short time ago it was announced that the Messrs. Routledge had become the purchasers of the remainder of the copyright in certain of Captain Marryat's novels. This is the result. They are to be reprinted in the cheap series of novels; and that inimitable sea-story *Peter Simple* is now within the reach of the most slender purse—be it in the pocket of "middy" or cabin-boy.

Mrs. S. C. Hall's charming romance of *The Outlaw*, &c., and Mr. James's *Rose D'Albret*, are the latest additions to the "Parlour Library." We note this with great pleasure, for it indicates the resolve of the present proprietors to restore this series of fictions to the reputation which it won by the admirable choice of works for the earlier volumes. After awhile there was a manifest decline. Novels by inferior writers were admitted, to the great disappointment of its readers—probably, also, to the injury of the sale, for of late there has been a wondrous change. Only fictions of fame are now admitted; and so long as such only are received into it will the "Parlour Library" maintain its place as the best as well as the oldest of the cheap novels.

## WAR BOOKS.

### THE WAR BOOKS AND RUSSIA.

*The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omar Pasha.* By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

*Journal of Adventures with the British Army, from the Commencement of the War to the Taking of Sebastopol.* By GEORGE CAVENDISH TAYLOR. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

*Contemporary Memoirs of Russia, from the year 1727 to 1744.* By General MANSTEIN. London: Longmans and Co. 1856.

THE war being over, much of the interest which was attached to the literature of the war is very naturally abated, and the general reader begins to turn with a feeling approaching to satiety from the abundant banquet of Crimean literature to topics somewhat more genial and pacific in their nature. In spite of this, however, it is with feelings of no small interest that we approach the volumes before us. They are all valuable in their way, all readable; and whatever may be the fate of the great bulk of the books to which this war has given rise, these, about the last of their race we should suppose, are among the most likely to survive the mere transitory purpose of their publication.

First in the list comes Mr. Oliphant's most

interesting account of his campaign with Omar Pasha. This author is so well known that we need say little about him; and any surprise that might have been excited at hearing of a Lincoln's-inn barrister turning amateur campaigner will be considerably mitigated by the previous knowledge which the public already possesses respecting this adventurous, accomplished, and entertaining traveller.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Oliphant throws some light upon a subject which is now occupying a large share of public attention—the fall of Kars; and he criticises very freely the disclosures made in the Blue-book on the subject which has been lately published. Mr. Oliphant seems clearly to be of opinion that the responsibility of that failure rests chiefly with the generals then commanding-in-chief in the Crimea, and attributes the failure of Omar's Transcaucasian expedition to the delay which was enforced upon him before he was permitted to set out. Inasmuch, however, as the data upon which Mr. Oliphant bases his opinion upon this point have long been open to the public as well as to himself, we must decline to follow him into his arguments upon them, and content ourselves with briefly referring to the leading incidents of the campaign.

Mr. Oliphant landed at Kertch about a week before the fall of Sebastopol. The town was then in the possession of the allies, and the traveller could not avoid a comparison between the state of things which then met his view, and his recollections of a former visit, when it was in the peaceful occupation of the Russians.

Fashionable ladies, escorted by well-dressed beaux, strolled by the water-side, or lingered round the band which played in the garden opposite the governor's house; for it was a Sunday afternoon in autumn, and all the world was enjoying the delicious air, which at this time of year renders the Crimean climate so particularly delightful. Now how changed was the aspect of affairs! A couple of regiments of slouching Turks, preceded by the most villainous of music, tramped over the flag-stones, shattered and displaced by recent explosions; lively Frenchmen were bargaining for water-melons with bearded Tartars, or fishing for diminutive dolphin-shaped fish with improvised fishing-tackle; British sentinels were keeping guard with measured tread over dilapidated mansions, and the shrill tones of the bagpipe echoed through deserted halls; every house was unroofed, every window encircled by a frame of charred wood; piles of rubbish blocked up the doorways; along the whole length of the principal streets there was scarcely a habitable mansion left—scarcely a soul loitering under the shadow of the ruined walls. We trotted up the steep hill of Mithridates and entered the Museum. Here the destruction was even more universal than in the town; and the remains of works of ancient art, which had bravely borne the ravages of time, lay mutilated and destroyed by the barbarous hands of French and Turkish soldiers. Rank weeds were springing up in humid corners, creeping along the ground, over prostrate figures, fragments of antique vases, or blocks of marble covered with inscriptions; but so completely had the work of destruction been effected, that I could find nothing among the debris worth preserving.

If this be civilised warfare, what must it be when waged by barbarians?

From Kertch Mr. Oliphant proceeded to Yenikale, and thence to Anapa, and thence to Sudjak Kaleh. At Redout Kaleh he came up with a portion of Omar Pasha's army. Omar himself was at Batoum, where Mr. Oliphant found him "in a state of impatient expectancy, occupied chiefly in the re-organisation of Mustapha Pasha's army, and the establishment of hospitals for them." This army was in the most wretched condition, and that fact considerably disarranged Omar's plans. By the 3rd of October, however, such had been the exertions of this able general, that "the miserable army of Mustapha Pasha could scarcely recognise itself; the healthy were undergoing their regular discipline, the number of convalescents was rapidly increasing, and the sick found themselves, to their astonishment, in hospital." The campaign was now pushed as vigorously as possible, and Omar moved his army into Mingrelia.

Troops were disembarking with unusual rapidity; the "Great Britain" disgorged eighteen hundred men in an incredibly short time, and returned for more. There had been twenty thousand men landed within a fortnight. The Duke of Newcastle had also arrived in the Highflyer from Anapa and Sudjak.

Mr. Oliphant accompanied the Duke upon a shooting excursion to the house of Prince Michael, the ruler of Abkhazia. The sport was not very first rate, for the party was forced to content itself with one "splendid shot," made by the

Duke of Newcastle, and the single deer which his Grace managed to bring down.

But Mr. Oliphant was soon to become a witness of more serious work. Colonel Ballard, who commanded the Rifles, invited him to take up his quarters with him during the campaign, and thus he was sure of seeing everything worthy of note that might occur. On the opposite bank of the Ingour they first met the Russians, and Mr. Oliphant was soon under fire.

This time the enemy was on the alert. Whenever a speck of red was discovered, a shower of bullets informed us of the fact; so we put our fez caps in our pockets, and crawled about as if we were deer-stalking. The most exciting operation was getting from one clump of bushes to another, when they were separated from the sandy bed of the river, and completely exposed to observation. We had one or two narrow escapes, in consequence of the men who were with me not being able to resist tempting shots, though I frequently ordered them not to fire; the reply from the other side offering a most unseasonable interruption to my sketch, and involving a speedy decampment.

On the 6th of November Omar crossed the Ingour in splendid style. Upon this occasion poor Captain Dymock fell, whilst in the very act of taking possession of the battery, which he had wrested from the Russians.

The Russians now were retreating, and Omar was upon their heels. On the 17th, at Choloni, it was found that the Russian army was only three hours in advance. The Russians destroyed the bridges as they went on, and much difficulty was caused thereby. While upon the march, Mr. Oliphant joined many foraging expeditions, and succeeded in reducing that mode of collecting provisions to a set of rules.

The rules are as follows:—1st. On entering a house, when the wife shrinks into a corner and the husband bars your entrance, produce a handful of the brightest possible sixpences; 2nd. Make the sign of the cross, and say "Anglia"—by this time you will have got inside; 3rd. Kiss the baby; 4th. Show the pair all the curiosities of civilisation, ending with the revolver; 5th. Point to poultry if you see any. If not, cackle or cluck, and make any sign that occurs to you for eggs, holding up sixpences. By this time perfect confidence reigns.

We should certainly like to know what sign Mr. Oliphant considers to be most expressive of eggs.

The harassing nature of the Russian mode of warfare, and the difficulties with which Omar's army had to contend, proved insuperable; and on the 8th of December the army began to retreat, greatly to the disgust of the men, who "declared that they would rather perish in the river than turn back." The river Skeniskal, however, was before them, the bridges were broken, there were no means of getting the artillery over, the Russians were on the other side, and, finally, it was the middle of winter. Under these circumstances, Omar took the only course open to a prudent general; he retreated, and Mr. Oliphant retreated with him—to return to England and to write this excellent little volume.

Mr. Taylor's book does not offer any very marked contrast to the already large heap of journals and diaries of the Crimean campaign, already in our possession. Generally speaking, he confirms the testimony of Mr. Russell and Major Hamley, upon each of whom he passes a very generous encomium. We subjoin an extract for the double purpose of illustrating Mr. Taylor's style, and of quoting his testimony upon a matter connected with the siege, which was believed to be the source of a great deal of ill-will among the soldiers of the allied army—we refer to the disposal of the plunder:—

Why should they not take it? Never before were there such orderly plunderers in a town taken by storm, or so little to plunder. There were no excesses committed. All fraternised and were in the best humour. Articles of furniture, such as tables, chairs, frying-pans, &c., were of no intrinsic value; they were of great use to the people living in camp, and to no one else. If sold to create a prize fund, as somebody's wisdom suggested, they would realise nothing of consequence; and, if left in the town, would soon be destroyed. Naturally, our soldiers were angry at the distinction drawn, that the French might plunder and they might not. There was a story current, that a sailor went about the camp with some gold lace for sale. Some one said to him, "What is the use of that Jack? no one will buy it." "No use!" said the sailor; "You put some round your cap, and stripes of it down your legs, and you may go into the town and plunder as much as you like!" All who have been in camp will understand what he meant. An officer of some rank was one day talking of how persons returning to camp, were deprived of their

booty by the pickets; and he mentioned a case of an officer who had found what he said was a great prize—"Pickwick," translated into Russian. He went on to tell how he had fared no better than the rest. "Poor fellow!" said he, "he was unable to pass it, and was obliged to put it down on a heap;" then he unconsciously added, "I have it now." Those people got the plunder who have the least right to it. The transports in Balaklava harbour were full of it. I know of an officer, who saw some trophies in a hut where he least expected to have found anything of the sort, and asked the possessor how he managed to get them in spite of such strict orders. "Pray do not ask me too many questions on that subject," was all the answer he got.

General Manstein's work, though not directly connected with the late war, but referring exclusively to a quite another period of Russian history, doubtless owes its present republication to the interest which everything about Russia and the Russians has excited. As the title-page states, these memoirs only embrace those seventeen years of the history of Russia which intervened between the death of Catherine I. and the reign of Elizabeth Petrowna, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great. During that brief period, the Russian Empire made mighty strides. It included the reign of the ambitious Anne of Courland, whose favourite Biron deluged Russia in blood, and set no bounds to his grasping ambition. War was then made against the Turks, and the Russian armies, under Marshals Munich and Lacy, pushed the frontier from the lines of the Ukraine into the Crimea.

The author of these memoirs himself was the son of one of Peter the Great's generals, and at the special request of the Empress Anne he became a captain in the Petersburg regiment of guards. He served in the Crimean campaign under Munich, and received a wound in storming the lines of Perekop. Afterwards he accompanied Munich in the campaigns of 1736 and the three following years; and subsequently he served under Marshal Lacy in Finland, where he was again wounded. When the revolution placed the Princess Elizabeth upon the throne, Manstein, who had been a favourite with Anne, and who had an implacable enemy in the Chancellor Bestucheff, fell into disgrace. Upon this he betook himself to Prussia, and, although both Elizabeth and her Chancellor made desperate efforts to get him once more within their clutches, he steadily resisted alike their blandishments and their threats, and spent the rest of his days in the service of Prussia. Whilst in that service General Manstein won and preserved the esteem of Frederick. At the battle of Prague he commanded the right wing, and was killed during the same year (1757) in a chance-medley skirmish with a number of Austrian hussars and Croats. Manstein is spoken of by all his contemporaries as a fine soldier and an accomplished man. He has been called "the Prince Eugene of the Muscovites;" and the Prince de Ligne (no mean judge) esteemed him "the first general of his day." His Memoirs are written in a clear, picturesque, and manly style, as it becomes a soldier to write—they are esteemed alike for their accuracy and their interest. The first translation of them ever published in English was edited by David Hume; and the present edition has been superintended by "The Hertfordshire Incumbent"—a gentleman who is well known by the readers of the *Times* newspaper for being "well up" in Russian affairs.

As the translation is unusually careful, we subjoin a passage, as a fair sample of General Manstein's style. The scene described represents the Empress Anne throwing off the mask of humility, which she had assumed in order to deceive the ambitious family of Dolgorouki, and seizing within her grasp the reigns of despotic power.

While these arrangements were making, the council of state and the senate assembled. The Empress gave orders that both these bodies should appear before her. This princess then having repaired to the presence chamber, the Count Matweeff, advancing towards her Majesty, said that he was deputed by the whole nobility of the empire to represent to her that she had been, by the deputies of the Supreme Council of State, surprised into the concessions she had made; that Russia having for so many ages been governed by sovereign monarchs, and not by a council, all the nobility entreated of her to take the reins of government into her own hands; and that all the nation, of whom he was the organ, wished that the family of her Majesty might reign over them to the end of time. The Empress at this speech affected great surprise. "How?" said she. "Was it not then by the wish of the whole nation that

I signed the Act presented to me at Mittau?" Upon which the whole assembly answered "No." At this she turned towards Prince Dolgorouki, and said to him, "How came you then, Prince Basilus Loukitz, to impose upon me?" She then ordered the High Chancellor to go and bring her the writings which she had signed. This being done, she made him read them with an audible voice; and at each article stopped him, and asked if such an article was agreeable to the nation. The assembly having to all and each of them constantly answered "No," she took the deeds out of the hands of the High Chancellor, and tore them, saying, "These writings, then, are not necessary." She declared at the same time, "that, as the Empire of Russia had never been governed but by one sole Monarch, she claimed the same prerogatives as her ancestors had possessed, from whom she derived her crown by right of inheritance, and not from the election of the Council of State, as had been pretended; and that whoever should oppose her sovereignty should be punished, as guilty of high treason." This declaration was received with applause, and nothing was heard all over the town but acclamations and shouts of joy.

This book throws a bright and clear light upon the policy of the Russian Empire in the early days of its growth, and is therefore of very great value to those who wish to study the history of that remarkable country.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. A New Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.*

It is now exactly twenty-nine years since the glowing finger of Professor Wilson first pointed out Thomas Aird, as a new, large, and hopeful planet in the poetic sky, and since he wrote of him in the following terms—"We have a very high opinion of Mr. Aird's talents and genius, and shall do now what in us lies to make them known to the public." And again, after quoting a long and noble passage, he says: "Faults will be detected in this passage—it contains some *splendida vitia* that will not be concealed; but we do not hesitate to say that it is a grand and magnificent strain, not easily to be surpassed." We said poetic sky; but, although the work thus panegyricised was a prose production, entitled "Religious Characteristics," it was full of the very soul of poetry, and with many juvenilities and crudities was calculated to suggest the highest hopes as to its author's future poetic career. In the same year (1827) appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* "The Devil's Dream upon Mount Acksbeck," which at once stamped the author as a man of lofty and original imagination, and the first reading of which can never be forgotten by any. Since then Mr. Aird's course has been quiet and cumulative. He has not established a glaring reputation of the Byronic order; but he has been slowly and steadily rising into true fame, and his name is secure of immortality. We may, in many points, liken the history of his progress to that of Wordsworth. Unlike him, indeed, he has not been bitterly attacked or fiercely opposed. But, like him, the growth of his fame has been gradual and silent, slow and sure. And like him, he has succeeded in attracting around him a fit audience of kindred minds and hearts who intensely appreciate his genius. His poetry, while entirely unimitated from, bears some generic resemblances to, that of the great Laker. It is, like Wordsworth, the product of a contemplative mind—of a quiet and close observer of nature, who at the same time is full of the purely imaginative element—who is able at once to daguerreotype and idealise the fair shows of the material universe. To Aird as well as Wordsworth do the lines apply:—

The outward forms of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has view'd;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

His mere knowledge of nature is scarcely inferior to that of the "sole king of Rocky Cumberland," who was so often called "Old Pan," and he excels, like him, in trying descriptive poetry by the standard of nature herself, and has often occasion to find it wanting. Woe to the bungler, who, presuming on a few Sunday excursions among the hills, presumes to picture them in vague and sounding rhymes! Aird remorselessly pursues him at every step—exposes his blunders, pierces through his platitudes, unravels and tosses away his misty generalities, and hurls him in the name of Nature back to Cockneydom again. This is, indeed, almost the only subject

on which his meek and amiable spirit is apt to become chafed, and, having himself the full freedom of that "City of God" built without hands, he resents impertinent intrusion and ignorant pretence on the part of others. He has not been a great traveller throughout those domains of beauty he loves so warmly—he was never in Switzerland or Italy; he never visited even the Scottish Highlands, nor (we think) the Cumberland Lakes. His sphere is comparatively narrow; but within it how minute and thorough is his knowledge! The south of Scotland, including Roxburghshire, where he was born, Dumfriesshire, where he resides, and Galloway, which he has often visited, Edinburgh and Ayrshire, exhaust the extent of his journeyings; but the objects interesting or lovely, included in that compass, are as familiar to him as the furniture of his bed-chamber. The habits of all birds, squirrels, and other wild creatures that haunt the solitudes—the scenery of pastoral rivers, lonely moors, and remote copsewoods—the whole family of flowers, especially those that blossom in the wilderness, and by the untrodden ways—the varied aspects of sky and earth, in all weathers, at all seasons, and at all hours of day and night—are well known to him, and lie near him as an exhaustless source of materials for his genius. Hence his descriptions are often more accurate, more tremulously true to the life of Nature, than even Wordsworth's, and equal the sparse but admirable pictures of scenery, such as the burn in Halloween, to be found in the poems of Burns. We shall give some specimens. Take the following description of woodland scenery:—

On goes Frank, and sees from many a point  
The trees he planted in his youth fair!  
The picturesque design. The Scotch fir, high  
On gravelly ridge (best soil for them) to show  
Their flaky foliage on the Eastern light,  
Or in the embosom'd wood with dark relief  
Set off the lightness of the general green;  
And sycamores, far off, a depth, a world  
Of sultry languor on their summer heads.

But oh! the rarer charm, when you green face  
Is all asir with winds unheard so high,  
Waving and swaying all, this way and that,  
Opening and closing, intertwined, evolved,  
With gestures all of love, low bowings, risings,  
Kissings, slow courtesies, and tufted nods—  
All flexible graces multitudinous!

Or take this from an exquisite ditty called "The River":—

Infant of the weeping hills,  
Nursling of the springs and rills,  
Growing River, flowing ever,  
Wimpling, dimpling, staying never—  
Lisping, gurgling, ever going,  
Sipping, sipping, ever flowing,  
Toying round the polish'd stone,  
Kiss the sedge, and journey on.  
Here's a creek where bubbles come—  
Whirling make your bull of foam.  
There's a nook so deep and cool—  
Sleep into a glassy pool.  
Breaking, gushing,  
Downward rushing,  
Narrowing green against the bank,  
Where the alders grow in rank,  
Thence receding,  
Onward boiling,  
Fret, in rough shingly shallows wide,  
Your difficult way to yonder side.  
Thence away, aye away,  
Bickering down the sunny day,  
In the sea, in yonder West,  
Lose yourself and be at rest.

These pictures are perfect—are just Nature describing herself. Besides his unequalled knowledge of, and power of painting Scottish scenery, Mr. Aird has many other fine artistic and poetic qualities. He exhibits great power in describing the darker passions. He takes often bold flights into the loftiest regions of the ideal, and touches with his untrembling wing the "Terrible Crystal." He has gleams, too, of tender and delicate pathos. He abounds in his poetry, and still more in his prose, in quiet humorous touches. Above all—without being a religious poet in the sense in which Young and Cowper were—a certain holy charm hangs around all his song, and a fine Christian spirit ever and anon breathes balmily forth.

His faults are: considerable mannerism—at times a dim involuntary obscurity—greater attention to accuracy than to finish of description—and in many of his poems a remoteness from human sympathies, from the ordinary joys, loves, passions, and pastimes of humanity. What a contrast between his poems and those of Burns! With Aird all is ideal, spiritual, beautiful, or terrible; you could hardly infer that you were in a world where men married and were given in marriage, sinned and suffered. In Burns all is sensuous, passionate, blood-warm; in almost



every page love smiles, or wine sparkles—a sort of genial glitter shines over the whole. The consequence is that Burns is popular with all—Aird only with those who relish pure, spiritual, and imaginative poetry. In these remarks we refer to the general strain of his poetry. He has sometimes descended into common life—and has produced some fine pictures of human affections. But this is not the peculiarity, nor does it exhibit the full strength of his genius, which is essentially that of a meditative enthusiast, living “collaterally, or aside,” to the rushing and noisy stream of the world.

The volume now on our table contains all his former poems, carefully redacted and revised—along with a number of new pieces, and may, indeed, be called a new work. He has added some little poems, written in a style entirely different from any he had previously attempted. Such are “The River,” “Fancy,” “Genius,” “To a Young Poet,” &c. The experiment has been singularly successful. These pieces, indeed, remind us of “L’Allegro,” “Penseroso,” and of Shelley’s “Lines written among the Euganean Hills,” in their easy strength, quick quiet descriptions, and purling music. Let us give one or two specimens. Take the close, so exquisitely beautiful, of “The River,” of which we quoted the first lines above.

Yek, O, from age to age, that we  
Might rise a day old earth to see!  
Mountains high with nodding firs  
O’er you the clouded crystal stir,  
Fresh as of old, how fresh and sweet;  
And here the daisy at my feet,  
Daisy, daisy wet with dew,  
And all ye little bells of blue,  
I know you all, these clover bloom,  
These fern, and these the broom;  
And still the leaves and breezes mingle  
With twinklings in the forest dingle.  
O, through all wilder worlds I’d know  
My own dear place of long ago.  
Pleased would the yearning spirit then  
The doings learn of living men.  
The rise and fall of states and kings!  
And, oh! a thousand homely things,  
Deeper our care considerate  
To know of earth’s diviner state,  
How speeds the Church with horns of light  
To push and pierce the heathen night;  
What promise of the coming day  
When sin and pain shall pass away;  
And under love’s perpetual prime  
Joy light the waving wings of time!

The close of the little poem called “Genius,” is also very fine.

See where yon bastioned midnight stands  
On half the sunken central lands—  
Shoot! let thy arrow-heads of flame  
Sing as they pierce the bolts of shame,  
Till all the dark economies  
Become the light of blessed skies.  
For this above, in wondering love,  
To genius shall it first be given  
To trace the lines of past designs,  
All confluent to the finished Heaven.

From these little nooks and crannies of beauty it is inspiring to ascend with our poet to the terrible scalp of the sublime, as we find it in the “Devil’s Dream,” the “Demoniac” and the “Tragedy of Wold,” in all of which we light on passages more truly Dantesque than occur in any of our modern poets. If our readers would appreciate the bolder attributes of Mr. Aird’s genius, let them turn to the terrific description in the “Summer Day” of Nero’s sleeplessness—(Mr. A. is himself, we may say, although from very different causes from the luxurious and unhappy tyrant, sometimes troubled with sleeplessness, and can describe it *con amore*, and from the horrible life)—to the picture of the Second Lake of God’s Wrath in the “Devil’s Dream,” and to the description of Satanic possession in the “Demoniac,” to feel them in all their force. There is in these a rugged power which reminds you of Chapman’s “Homer,” although superior condensation uplifts some of them almost to the level of Dante—and you cry, “Why has he not given us another Divina Commedia at full length, and not merely some fragments of it?” We quote two stanzas descriptive of the Crucifixion worthy of any poet:—

A forest near, when she its first outstanding trees had won,  
A horror of great darkness fell, the quenched day was done.  
She went into the night-lock’d wood; ’twas silent as the sleep  
That watch’d the hoary secrets of the uncreated deep,  
Then a sound shook the mountain bars, as when some fallen pile  
Of ages sends a dull far voice o’er sea and sounding isle.  
Without a breath the forest shook, and then the earth was rock’d,  
And trees fell crashing all around, and birds of night were shock’d,  
Screaming from out their rifted nests, with helpless wings they beat  
The ground, and came and fiercely pecked, fluttering o’er Miriam’s feet

Steps, as if shod with thunder, ran through the infested wood.  
Slowly had Miriam groped her way, and in its skirts she stood,  
When all at once burst forth the Day from out the folds of Night,  
And with rebounding glory flashed along the heavens of light.

In general, we have been greatly pleased with Mr. Aird’s redaction of his older poems. He has condensed and clarified the “Tragedy of Wold.” He has cut out some weaker matter from the “Summer Day” and the “Winter Day” and supplied stronger. Still, in some points he has, we think, erred. The verses on Byron, he tells us, were written on the news of the poet’s death. Impromptus do not stand much tinkering, and yet he has altered, without improving, this poem, which even now has more sound than genuine spirit or thought. Some sixteen years ago, Mr. Aird reissued his “Devil’s Dream,” in a form which seemed a travesty of its former self. He changed Acksbeck into Taurus; he introduced a number of inferior stanzas; and substituted for the grand closing line

Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirr’d its prey to claim,

the miserably feeble words—

Then hurled him down to Tophet, whence permitted up he came.

In the present edition, he has returned to the name Acksbeck, and to the first form of the closing line; but has retained some of the apocryphal stanzas, which were not in the original poem. That they are apocryphal, and utterly unworthy of his genius, this extract will prove:

O for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,  
Him from that flat-fix’d lethargy impetuously to urge!  
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave  
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he’d brave  
The strokes of wrath, thicklet them fall! a speed so glorious!  
dread (!)  
Would bear him through—the clinging pains would strip  
from off his head (!)

It is dangerous for men of genius to alter those of their productions which have “come upon” them by swift inspiration, and in a short heat. Even the faults in such pieces should be respected, and were doubtless necessary to the production and effect of the beauties. They resemble the spots on flowers. Conceive Burns tinkering away at “Tam O’Shanter”—introducing, say, two new characters along with Souter Johnnie—apostrophising the thunder—giving the “auld Scotch ballad” Tam is described as “crooning o’er”—adding a few new articles to the Devil’s inventory on the “holy table”—or recording the conversation between Kate and Tam after his return—would not every one feel that the poem was weakened and spoiled? Even larger poems have often been injured by their authors. Who now reads the second version of Akenside’s “Pleasures of Imagination”?—although it was the favourite of the poet himself, and cost him far more care than the original version; and Dr. Johnson tells us that the “Seasons” of Thomson, in their second and corrected form, have lost much of their “race.”

One of the most remarkable features of this volume is its great variety of subject and diversity of treatment. The different poems may perhaps be classified thus. There are first the poems of light fancy, such as “The River,” “Genius,” &c. There are, secondly, poems almost entirely composed of natural descriptions, like omitted passages in the “Seasons”—such as “Frank Sylvan,” “A Summer’s Day,” &c. There are, thirdly, what may be called etchings from life—such as “The Father’s Curse,” “Monkwood,” “The Holy Cottage,” and “The Old Soldier.” There are, fourthly, little lyrical pieces—such as “To the Swallow,” “Belshazzar’s Feast,” “My Mother’s Grave,” &c. There are, fifthly, miniature epics—such as “Othuriel, the Captive of Fez,” and “Nebuchadnezzar.” There are dramatic productions, like “Wold,” “A Mother’s Blessing,” &c.; and there are, finally, such purely imaginative pieces as “The Devil’s Dream,” “The Demoniac,” and “The Churchyard.” Now it is in a very high degree creditable to Mr. Aird’s powers that he has proved himself a master in all these styles, although in all of them his idiosyncrasy comes out irresistibly. Among his fanciful pieces we like “The River” best. His “Summer’s Day” is probably the richest of his descriptions. “Monkwood,” as an etching of a peculiar character, is very powerful and original; and “The Old Soldier” is full of quiet picturesque touches, besides overflowing with kindly benevolent spirit. What can be finer than these lines?

The old soldier takes  
His wonted walk, and drinks into his heart  
The gush and gurgle of the cold green stream,  
The huddled splendour of the April day.  
Glancings of rain; the mountain tops all quick  
With shadowy touches and with greenening gleams;  
Blue bent the bow of God; the coloured clouds  
Soak’d with the glory of the setting sun.  
These all are for his pleasure: his the moon—  
Chaste huntress, dipping o’er the dewy hills  
Her silver buskin in the dying day.

Among the lyrics the finest out of question, is “My Mother’s Grave,” which ranks with Cowper’s “Lines on the Receipt of his Mother’s Picture,” and cannot be read without tears. We felt it sounding through our heart while looking last summer at our mother’s grave, near which murmurs the loveliest of mountain streams, and over which look on the gigantic Grampians, —especially the words

Now that thou art gone  
I feel as in the world alone,  
The wind that lifts the streaming tree,  
The skies seem cold and new to me.

And these—

My punishment that I was far  
When God unloos’d thy weary star!  
My name was in thy faintest breath,  
And I was in thy dream of death,  
And well I know what raised thy head  
When came the mourner’s muffled tread.

Amidst the poems of epical construction, there towers far and high above the rest, clear and massive, but not cold, as a marble statue, “Nebuchadnezzar,” in our judgment the most severely grand specimen of heroic rhyme since “Palamon and Arcite”—nay, severer and grander, although not so elastic as it, and breathing besides a spirit with which Dryden had no sympathy—that of the stern old prophets of Israel. Aird here dares to put on the thunder-shod sandals and the rough goat-skin of Ezekiel himself, and is successful in his daring; and, like his prototype,

His burden’d eye  
Sees through the rents of kingdoms great and high,  
Thick gleams of wrath divine; whose visions range  
Throughout the obstructed solitudes of change;  
Whose spirit stumbles midst the corner-stones  
Of realms disjointed and of broken thrones.

The tragedy of “Wold” is a dark and noble production, and might have been dedicated to Nemesis. It reminds us somewhat of the old Grecian plays. A weight of doom hangs like a thundercloud over it all. The language is suitable to the theme—knotty, contorted, fitted to echo the strange images of death which swarm around. There are occasional obscurities in it; but they, too, seem congenial to the subject—the fate of a house of which a prophetess had uttered this burden.

Fear the thunder, House of Wold,  
Fear the love of enemies old.  
When she hands thy truncheon hold,  
Thou shalt perish, House of Wold.

Excellent are all the purely imaginative pieces. “The Churchyard” is not, perhaps, the best of them, but is exceedingly original, and attests the dark strength which has seldom been conjoined with such occasional sweetness and softness as in Aird’s genius.

On the whole, we commend this volume most warmly to all who love originality in poetry. In brilliance, sparkle, light elegance, and other popular qualities, Thomas Aird has many superiors among our modern poets—in absolute originality, he has among our living bards no rival, except perhaps Tennyson. Above all, he, like another Abdiel, has continued faithful to the old truths of Christianity, while so many have swerved to the side of the Atheist Power. He feels that the creed that inspired a Milton has yet in it grand poetic capabilities, as well as the elements of unchangeable truth, and that genius can never be so truly itself, as when baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

We may only further add that, as a sequel to this very handsomely got-up volume, Mr. Aird projects, by-and-by, a similar revised collection of his prose works, including his earliest production, “Religious Characteristics,” his “Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village,” a charming melange of tales, sketches, and descriptions of scenery, and a number of unpublished essays. As a prose-writer, he is not so intensely peculiar as in poetry—exhibits more ease, rich humour, and quiet, close observation of human life—and we anticipate for his forthcoming volume a still warmer reception than for his present volume of poems.

APOLLODORUS.

*Foxglove Bells: a Book of Sonnets.* By T. WESTWOOD. London: Gilbert, Brothers.

*Versicles.* By THOMAS IRWIN. London: Bosworth and Harrison.

*Poems.* By JAMES T. FIELDS. Cambridge: Metcalf and Co.

A TRIO of books, musical as can well be, and distinguished from the common throng as easily as thrushes are distinguished from rooks. There is really some fine poetry floating in this humid atmosphere of England—floating, but never fixed by the hand of Fame. Fame now is sternly exacting and severe. She glances back over the illustrious record of the last race of poets, and sees so much triumph there that she hesitates to expend her smiles on those whom she would have eagerly patronised had they lived a century ago. But if we have fine poets thus comparatively unheeded, we have paltry ones in undue proportion; and perhaps this latter fact may account in some measure for the difficulty and toil which merit often undergoes before it writes its name on the heart of a nation. Those small poets Mr. Westwood, in one of his sonnets, has treated with pithy justice. He thinks, and so do we, that if all the little poets were rolled into one great, the result would be no other

Than a small poet of a monstrous size.

There is no affectation nor egotism in Mr. Westwood thus dealing with literary "swarms of mites," because he has nothing in common with them or theirs. His "Berries and Blossoms," published last year, was a volume of sparkling, buoyant poems, fresh as Hebe, which we highly commended. The author comes once more before the public with a high claim, and his sonnets are like stringed pearls, each individual one helping to enrich the collective beauties. Mr. Westwood has almost made us in love with the sonnet, that restrictively difficult form of composition. He wears the fetters of this species of verse as if they were fetters of flowers, or rather as if they were not fetters at all, but holiday garbs of freedom. Such charming sonnets we have rarely seen; and certainly none recently have approached them in lustre and emotional life.

Worthy companions of *Foxglove Bells* are two small but pleasant volumes by Mr. Irwin and Mr. Fields. The former has boldness of thought, and a richness of style, while the latter has the gentler fancies which accord with an exceeding elegance of manner. Mr. Irwin's poems certainly contain many fine passages; yet they nevertheless remind us of Shelley and Robert Browning—free from the occasional metaphysical haze of the one, or the syllabic vagueness of the other. No one can read those *Versicles* without being gratified, if not satisfied, or without perceiving that every object in nature has a poetical signification in the mind of the author. Of the volume by Mr. Fields we may add that it is tastefully illustrated, and is well adapted for a gift-book, not simply for the illustrations, but for the melody of its metre and the general healthfulness of its thoughts. In this trio of pleasant books we had marked many poems for extract, each with the stamp of beauty upon it, but the number has startled us. We shall therefore merely offer a sonnet from *Foxglove Bells*, by Mr. Westwood.

"Crown her!" a voice said—"Twas my heart that spake,  
And straight my hands obeyed. I wove a crown—  
Blue cornflowers, white convolvulus, half blown,  
Sweetbriar roses, snatched from bush and brake,  
And honeysuckle bunches, such as shake  
Rich odours on each passing wind; all these  
I twined and tressed, under the dewy trees.  
Then, bending low, I blessed thee, for love's sake,  
And crowned thee Queen of that green isle and me,  
Vowing true faith and fealty; and thou  
Didst laugh thy silver laugh, and lift thy brow  
Superbly, and accept the sovereignty.  
Now drop the veil! howl on, ye bitter blasts!  
The crown lies withered, but the *Quædam* lasts.

*The Book of Solomon called Ecclesiastes, Metrically Paraphrased, being a Retranslation of the Original Hebrew.* By the Rev. AARON AUGUSTUS MORGAN, M.A. With Illustrations by GEORGE THOMAS. London: Bosworth.

THIS is a choice book, and trebly valuable for its handsome typography, its literary merits, and its beautiful illustrations. It is a drawing-room table book, one that can never be opened without revealing the grace of the poet or the fancy of the artist. We have frequently objected to a metrical paraphrase of the Scriptures, because no process is more likely to expose the inventive poverty of the paraphrast, and because, in comparison with the original, it stands much like a glow-worm to the brilliant and life-giving sun. The Rev. Mr. Morgan must have been a bold, and the result shows him to have been a gifted, man to have touched, with the purpose of resetting and

amplifying, those twelve wonderful chapters known to all readers of Scripture by the term *Ecclesiastes*, or the Preacher. Perhaps in no portion of the Bible do we find the philosophy assume a loftier, or the imagery a grander flight, than in this. There is no description of old age, when man stands on the very confines of "his long home," in any poem with which we are acquainted, but what seems poor and weak compared with the first seven verses of the last chapter of *Ecclesiastes*. No man could have approached the fervid genius of Solomon with more reverence than the Rev. Mr. Morgan; and we might look long, and perhaps in vain, for a poet who could transform the fruit of that genius into decasyllabic verse so well and so firmly. As no paraphrast can equal such an original, therefore he is the best paraphrast who shows the divine presence of his archetype with the least loss of vitality and radiancy. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, then, has written a book rare of its kind—one which is exquisite as a work of art, and an addition to the treasures of literature.

*Specimens of the Choicest Lyrical Productions of the most celebrated German Poets.* Translated into English verse by MARY ANNE BURT. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

*German Lyrics.* By CHAS. T. BROOKS. Boston: Ticknor and Co. London: Tribner and Co.

THESE two volumes have few points in common and small resemblance in manner, and yet each has an individual value. The volume by M. A. Burt is a second edition, and it deserves to be so. Here the specimens from each poet are prefaced by a brief, but exceedingly useful biography and a list of the author's works, so that the reader can, with little effort, store his mind with literary facts and poetic fancies. The text of the original poems is carefully rendered; but it has not the life, nor the remarkable boldness which strike us in the translations by Mr. Brooks. It would be but meagre praise to call the renderings of these *German Lyrics* clever, since Mr. Brooks has a decided genius for translation. It is not straining the word genius too far to give it this meaning. We have always held but one opinion of translators and translations, namely, that a great and grand poet, whose soul has flushed through the media of a foreign land and a foreign language, can only be represented to us here by a man or woman of profound poetic faculty and large and eloquent utterance. To translate a sentence is nought; even to transfer an idea is but a shallow task, if the vitality of the idea is not kept bright and active. We require not the letter so much as the luminous spirit. Now it is precisely that the translations of Mr. Brooks glow and expand, as with original freshness, that they will be read with profit and remembered with delight. Those who are ignorant of the German language will know by these translated lyrics how rich Germany really is in poets and poetry.

The fourth vol. of Singer's cheap and convenient edition of *Shakspeare* contains the "Winter's Tale," "King John," "Pericles," and "Richard the Third." The promised production of the "Winter's Tale" at the Princess's Theatre, with a magnificence peculiar to that delightful establishment, will doubtless cause this play to be read over again very generally. Hence it appears opportunely.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sixteenth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England.* London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1856.

THE Registrar-General ordinarily contrives to invest the dry statistics which it is his office to return with a vast amount of interest and vitality. Independently of the interest which attaches itself to all facts which illustrate the condition of humanity in the gross, he generally enters into a number of curious speculations having a connection more or less remote with the state and progress of this nation, and with such speculations the volume before us is peculiarly rich. Without further preface we shall refer to a few of them.

In the year 1853 the number of persons who married was 329,040, and the number of children born alive was 612,391; the excess of births over deaths was 191,294: so that the population of this country is increasing at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand per annum. During the same year 62,915 English men and women emigrated, of whom only 4194 went to our flourishing North American colonies, where, in the opinion of the Registrar-General, "the soil and climate are so adapted to develop all the vigour of the British race."

Of the persons who married, 9131 men and 29,219 women were under age; and the Registrar-General states that the proportion of early mar-

riages is rapidly increasing. The circumstances which govern this are curious. "The straw-plait and lace manufactures in the south midland counties apparently promote early marriages by affording employment to children and to young persons." It appears that more widowers than widows get married again. Possibly the latter, if left comfortably off, are content to "let well alone." Of the persons who married, 49,983 men and 72,204 women were unable to sign their names. The proportion of persons able to write is highest in London and lowest in Wales. These figures show a deplorable lack of education.

Out of the number of children born, no less than 39,760 (or six and a half per cent. upon the whole number) were born out of wedlock. Much-abused London, with all its temptations, is more moral in this respect than the rest of the community, only four per cent. of the births there being illegitimate; while in the town of Preston in Lancashire more than ten per cent. of the births come within that category. Even in the quiet little town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, the proportion is 420 legitimate to 40 illegitimate—nearly ten per cent.

The comparative mortality of the sexes is a subject of curious calculation. Up to the age of ten, more boys die than girls; but after that period up to 35, the mortality of the female is in the ascendant. After the age of 45, the mortality of men is considerably greater than the mortality of women. Mortality varies, according to the more or less healthy state of the locality. In Rothbury and Glendale in Northumberland, and in Eastbourne in Sussex, the annual mortality is at the rate of 15 in 1000; in Hendon, Dorking, and other places it is 17 in 1000; in marshy parts of Cambridgeshire it is 25 in 1000. In the Whitechapel district of London it is 30 in 1000!

The Registrar-General has some pleasant and instructive gossip upon the subject of family nomenclature in England.

The most striking circumstance presented by the indexes, is the extraordinary number and variety of surnames of the English people. Derived from almost every imaginable object—from the names of places, from trades and employments, from personal peculiarities, from the Christian name of the father, from objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, from things animate and inanimate—their varied character is as remarkable as their similarity is often striking. Some of the terms which swell the list are so odd, and even ridiculous, that it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for their assumption in the first instance as family names, unless indeed, as has been conjectured, they were nicknames or *sobriquets*, which neither their first bearers nor their posterity could avoid.

The Registrar-General estimates that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are 53,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 bearing the name of Jones. The Smiths and Jones's alone are supposed to include about half a million of the population. "In an average it seems, that one person in seventy-three is a Smith, one in seventy-six a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 143 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies, and one in 174 a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given we note the following:—Affection, Alabaster, Allbones, Awward, Baby, Bolster, Bowel, Brains, By (the shortest English name), Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowls, Fussey, Gin, Hogsflesh, Idle, Jelly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quince, Rabbit, Sanctuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.

Appended to the population tables are some useful calculations upon many matters which bear upon, and influence the condition of the nation. In the first quarter of 1852 wheat was 40s. 10d. per quarter, and in the corresponding quarter of 1853 45s. 7d. Beef had risen three eighths of a penny per pound, and mutton an entire penny, and potatoes from 70s. per ton had risen to 127s. 6d.

Finally, we have some reports, pursuant to the resolutions of the Statistical Congress in Brussels, for collecting systematic returns all over Europe, and a uniform nomenclature of the causes of death, applicable to all countries. These have been prepared with great care, and will, we have no doubt, lead to the most valuable results in statistical science. A report of the proceedings of the International Statistical Congress held at Paris last year is also given.



*Peace! What I have done to Promote it.* By E. TRACY TURNERELLI. London: L. Booth. 1856.

WHAT an absurd mistake the world was labouring under when it supposed that the peace has been mainly attributable to those negotiations at Paris which were brought about in consequence of the good offices of the Austrian Government! Nothing of the sort: it has been solely and entirely in consequence of the exertions of Mr. Turnerelli. And pray who is Mr. Turnerelli? some of our readers may be inclined to ask. Why, he is the son of a Mr. Turnerelli, who was sculptor to Kings George III. and IV., and who presented his son Tracy to Lord Palmerston in the hope of getting him a place under Government. Turnerelli junior (according to his own confession) waited very complacently for a good place until he found that it was not to be picked up upon the door-mats in Downing-street—until at last, growing disgusted that his genius should be unappreciated, he betook himself to Russia, where he soon managed to get "two valuable diamond rings" from the Emperor Nicholas. In what capacity Mr. Turnerelli served this munificent prince he does not condescend to explain; but it appears that, "according to the Russian system of promotion," he rose "from rank to rank," until he attained "from the 14th to the 8th class of nobility." About a year before the outbreak of the war, Turnerelli, being in "a half-nervous, half-consumptive state," came to England upon leave of absence granted "for an entire year," as "an additional mark of the Emperor's favour;" and he was in England when the war broke out. Mr. Turnerelli attempts to prove that he made a great sacrifice and did a very patriotic thing when he resolved to stay in this country; but, as he was still a British subject, we should like to know how he would have got off to St. Petersburg had he desired to do so, and how he would have been received by that Imperial master who discharged even the English workmen from his factories, and packed off all the English nursemaids and governesses directly the war broke out. We suspect that Mr. Turnerelli's "sacrifice" upon this occasion was of that nature which proceeds from necessity rather than virtue.

Driven to his resources, and seeing no immediate prospect of diamond rings from the Czar, Mr. Turnerelli became very assiduous in his attendance upon Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, and endeavoured to get from them some admission into the public service. Unhappy Mr. Turnerelli! he had no beneficent czar to deal with. The first-named statesman condescended to pump him about Russia; the second gave him a letter to Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, which resulted in nothing whatever; and the third flatly declined to have anything whatever to do with him. Here was a pretty pass for an ardent admirer of the Czar. One resource was open to him, and he adopted it. Every one knows that in England there are two parties upon every subject of public interest, and no one appreciated that fact better than Mr. Turnerelli. Even if a party be unpopular, it pays to a certain extent; and although Mr. Alexander Somerville has not given us a very exalted notion of the liberality displayed by Messrs. Cobden and Bright towards their employees, still we dare say that Mr. Turnerelli found the half-loaf of the Peace party far better than no bread at all.

So the next phase of Mr. Turnerelli was that he began to write and lecture in favour of Russia; and those who used to look carefully into the advertising columns of the day will recall to mind certain announcements that Mr. Tracy Turnerelli would enlighten British audiences, at outlying lecture-rooms and mechanics' institutions, upon the subject of Russia and the Russians; after which there not unfrequently used to appear paragraphs relating how that the said British audiences became so disgusted with the pro-Russian tendency of the lecturer, that they kicked up a great row, and would not suffer him to proceed. Among other things produced by Mr. Turnerelli during the war time was a book descriptive of the town of Kazan—a volume which, at the time, drew forth some very warm eulogiums from the press as a careful and well-written work; for, in spite of all his peculiarities, it is only fair to admit that Mr. Turnerelli is very far from being a fool. So little, indeed, does he deserve that imputation, that we cannot withhold our admiration at the masterly style with which he extracted

another diamond ring from the Emperor Nicholas during the actual progress of the war. He found means to convey to the feet of the Czar a copy of his work on Kazan, accompanied, no doubt, by some very flattering communications which proved highly gratifying to his Majesty. At any rate, he received in due time an agreeable note from Prince Basilus Dolgorouky, the Czar's Minister of War, inclosing "une bague enrichée de diamants." "Do you know why I value, Princess (asks Mr. Turnerelli of the Princess Annette Abamelec, to whom this volume is dedicated), do you know why I value that ring and that letter more than I can possibly express to you? It is, above all, because it came to me in the midst of war." A very sufficient reason no doubt, but one which the Attorney-General of her Majesty Queen Victoria would scarcely have appreciated had his attention been called to the fact that a British subject was receiving gifts and bribes from the declared enemy of his country.

But all that is past and gone. Mr. Turnerelli evidently intends this book as his passport into Russia once more; and we have no doubt that by this time he has proceeded some distance upon his journey back again. If it will be of any assistance to him when he arrives there, and is at all likely to procure for him any more diamond rings, we have no hesitation in furnishing him with our testimony that, as soon as he had ascertained that there was no hope of employment from the Government, he certainly acted throughout the whole period of the war in a most un-English manner; and that, so far as an apparent admiration of despotism in general and Russian institutions in particular are concerned, he proved himself thoroughly fit for that post to which he evidently aspires—namely, that of head flunkie to the Czar.

One piece of advice we have to offer Mr. Turnerelli; and that is, directly he arrives at St. Petersburg to lose no time in becoming properly naturalised, and in changing his name to Turnerowski.

*Trees and their Nature; or, the Bud and its Attributes.* By ALEXANDER HARVEY, A.M., M.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1856.

DR. HARVEY'S theory upon trees, as here set forth, is not, as he admits, entirely new; but it differs very materially from that which is commonly accepted among botanists. The celebrated French philosopher, De la Hire, propounded a very similar theory about the commencement of the last century; and it has subsequently been supported by Darwin, Mirbel, Du Petit-Thouars, Gaudichaud, and others—names which, to say the least, entitle it to some respect; albeit (as Dr. Harvey admits) "it has hitherto failed to secure the sanction of the greater number of our scientific botanists."

Briefly, then, the theory supported in this volume is that a tree is not, as is commonly supposed, a single individual plant, but a congeries or collection of annual plants, growing out of and upon the dead remains of the annual plants which made up the tree in preceding years—in other words, that the living parts of a tree are parasites (as it were) growing upon the organic remains of dead plants. If this be true, it also seems to follow, as a consequence, that the growth and age of trees are determined by circumstances, and not by any fixed natural law—that there is, in fact, no real limit to the extent of the one or the duration of the other.

Startling as this theory may at first sight appear, it must be admitted that Dr. Harvey has very cogent reasons for urging it. How else are we to account for the perishable nature of trees in certain circumstances, and their apparently endless longevity in others? M. Richard, a great French botanist, states, upon the authority of calculations made by M. Adanson, that the baobab and the dragon-tree will live for 6000 years, and that the cedars of Lebanon appear to be indestructible. How is it that forest trees which average 50 or 60 feet in height will occasionally attain the height of from 150 to 180 feet? It is true that it may be urged in reply that the 150 years of Old Parr, the 52 stones' weight of Daniel Lambert, the 8 feet odd in height of the Irish Giant, are no proofs that the age and bulk of man are unlimited: but the similarity between the cases is, after all, only apparent. Trees live on long after the bole or main stem has ceased to give any signs of vitality; and it is by no means uncommon in old forest-land to find a tree bearing all the honours of a green old age upon its sum-

mit, whilst below it exhibits nothing but rottenness and decay.

We cannot now afford the space to go deeper into this argument; but we can cordially recommend Dr. Harvey's book to the notice of all scientific botanists.

*The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.* Eighth Edition. Vol. X. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

NINE times already has it been our pleasant task to commend this magnificent work to the notice of our readers. Its fame must be familiar to them, but their personal acquaintance with it may be limited to some of the former editions, for there are few libraries that has not one of these upon its shelves. This new edition must quite supersede its predecessors, because it has been brought down to the present time, embodying all the knowledge which recent discoveries have added in such large measure to the sum of human intelligence. In this manner ten volumes have been given to the world, with unflinching punctuality. The tenth is before us, and it is rich in contributions by the ablest men in the various departments. In biography, we find memoirs of Benjamin Franklin, by Mr. Nicholson; of Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson; of Andrew Fuller, by Mr. Ryland; of Galileo, by Dr. Browne; of Gassendi and Gibbon, by Mr. H. Rogers; of Goethe, by De Quincey; and of Goldsmith, by Macaulay.

To Geography, Mr. Kirwan has contributed the article "France," a series of labouriously collected facts and figures; Mr. Senior, Galway, Mr. E. Thornton, the Ganges; Dr. Wallace, is the author of the admirable essay on Geography; Mr. J. Laurie has revised Mr. Jacob's paper on Germany; Dr. Strang has treated of Glasgow; and Mr. B. C. Price, of the Cape of Good Hope.

For Science, Mr. C. Tomlinson has contributed the articles Fuel and Gas Light; Mr. Ricardo, that on the Funding System; Mr. G. Buchanan, the singularly practical paper on the Furnace; and Dr. Wallace, the elaborate essay on Geometry; and the Rev. P. Kelland, that on Analytical Geometry; Professor Forbes has treated of the Glaciers; Mr. Ballantyne, of Glass and Glass-making; and the article Grammar was the production of the pen of Bishop Gleig.

In history, we have Dr. Tulloch's sketch of Gnosticism, Dr. L. Schmitz on the Goths, and the Rev. R. S. Hardy, on the Gotama Buddha. In Philosophy, the paper on Government, by Mr. Dove, will be read with the greatest interest.

The article on France occupies very nearly one-third of the entire volume.

There are upwards of thirty large engravings on steel of maps and other illustrations of the subjects in the text.

It is too often a subject of complaint that works of this kind are found to exceed very much the bulk originally calculated, and thus to impose upon subscribers a cost they had not anticipated, and that objection has often deterred persons from purchasing until it is complete. But no such fear needs to be entertained of this. It is certain now that it will not exceed the limits assigned to it from the beginning, so that none should refrain through any such fear from subscribing to this great national work.

*The Law of Inland Carriers, by Rail, Road, and Water.*

By E. POWELL, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Author of "The New Law and Practice of Evidence," &c. London: Law Times Office.

THE law of carriers has become extremely involved by the introduction of railroads, and the consequent questions that have arisen between them and the old carriers, who undertook the whole duty of conveyance, instead of that only of collection and delivery. The subject is one of daily interest to every person engaged in business. Mr. Powell has done good service by collecting the law as it is now established, including all the cases decided to this time, and presenting it in a clear, compact, intelligible form, so that it can be readily understood by the general reader, as well as by the lawyer. It will be a necessary book for the shelf in every counting-house, for the trader will require to make continual reference to it.

*The Tricks of the Trade in the Adulterations of Food and Physic.* London: D. Bogue. 1856.

IT is to minister to the curiosity of the public, excited by the labours of the *Lancet* and of the Committee of the House of Commons upon Adulteration, that this little volume is put forth; and, although it does not contain anything new upon this subject, it appears to have been compiled with great care and judgment from the materials derivable from these and other sources.

Some attempt at classification is made by dividing the articles mentioned in this compendium of cheating into eight classes—namely, foods supplied by the animal kingdom, foods supplied by the vegetable kingdom, natural drinks, manufactured and non-intoxicating drinks, manufactured and intoxicating

drinks, condiments, narcotics, and drugs. The foods supplied from the animal kingdom, and which are capable of adulteration, are anchovies and their preparations, butter, cheese, lard, and potted meats; those from the vegetable kingdom are arrow-root, bottled fruits, flour, bread-stuffs, pastry, sugar, and sweetmeats. The natural drinks which are adulterated are milk and water; the manufactured and non-intoxicating are chicory, cocoa, coffee, and tea; the manufactured and intoxicating are beer, spirits, and wine. The condiments are Cayenne pepper, cinnamon, curry powder, mustard, pepper, pickles, and vinegar; the narcotics are the preparations of tobacco; and the drugs are calomel, cod-liver oil, ipecacuanha, quinine, rhubarb, and scammony. We cannot, of course, enter into a description of the various means used to adulterate these articles of human consumption, and we therefore refer such of our readers as are curious about such matters, and are desirous of learning sure and simple methods of testing and remedying the mischief, to this excellent little book itself.

*The Mercantile and Maritime Guide.* By GRAHAME WILLMORE, Esq., A.M., and EDWIN BEDELL, Esq. Glasgow, &c.: W. Mackenzie. 1856.

AN invaluable work of reference, containing the fullest information respecting everything that appertains to mercantile and maritime transactions. From among the vast mass of information contained in the volume, we may specify the various statutes, bearing upon merchant shipping, passengers, pilotage, port and harbour dues, and aliens; the customs laws, and every particular respecting the levying of duties, tables of tariffs, &c.; and a collection of tables, showing the relative value of all the various moneys, weights, and measures in use throughout the world. It is impossible to overrate the value of such a work.

*The Whist-Player. The Laws and Practice of Short-Whist Explained and Illustrated.* By Lieut.-Col. B\*\*\*. London: Addey and Co.

THIS elegant little volume bids fair to put into the shade that grave authority upon whist, Major A\*\*\*, and even the time-honoured Mrs. Battle. The author of *The Whist-Player* has conceived the ingenious notion of illustrating his reasonings by prettily-drawn and nicely-coloured representations of the cards and combinations of cards reasoned upon. These drawings certainly render the arguments infinitely more intelligible, and, so far as we are able to judge, Lieut.-Col. B\*\*\*'s knowledge of this fine game appears quite equal to that of any other authority. The volume is dedicated to the Army and Navy Club.

*Sanskrit Derivations of English Words,* by Thomas Bellot (Longman and Co.) curiously traces to their Eastern origin many of our words in most common use. For the most part they appear to have passed from Sanskrit into German, and thence into English. The similarity of so many words in so many languages is a singular fact, from which philosophy might deduce much matter for thought. To all having a taste for languages we commend this pamphlet.

Mrs. Horace St. John has published a brief biographical sketch of *Audubon the Naturalist* (Longman and Co.), introducing into her narrative some of the most strange and interesting of his adventures in the New World while making the researches which have secured an immortal reputation for him, and a résumé of his discoveries. It is a book which every child should read.

*Les Jeunes Narrateurs,* by Marin de la Vove, is a collection of tales, in French, for the use of children. It has reached a second edition, and therefore may be presumed to have pleased those who have used it.

*What I know of the late Emperor Nicholas and his Family,* by Mr. Turnerelli, was sent us long ago, but mislaid. It excited great interest at the time of its publication. Although events have somewhat diminished curiosity, it contains much that will be historical. The Emperor was greatly admired by the writer, who saw in him many good qualities for which the world has not given him credit.

*The Half-Holiday Question.* By John Lilwall. (London: Kent and Co. 1856.)—A sensible pamphlet upon a question which ought seriously to occupy the attention of all who are employers of labour. Early payment of wages, and the concession of a half-holiday for reasonable recreation and due preparation for the Sabbath, are more likely than anything we are aware of to promote a healthy tone among the employed classes, and knit them closer to their employers.

*Paper, Pens, and Ink, and their antecedents: being a Brief Sketch of the principal Writing Materials used in all ages.* (London: James Nisbet and Co. 1856.)—In the form of a small pamphlet we here have a complete history of the "raw materials" of literature, compendiously and intelligibly arranged.

*A Week at the Bridge of Allan.* By Charles Roger, LL.D. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.)—This is the fifth edition of one of the best guide-books ever printed. It is complete without being cumbersome. Hence its deserved popularity and ready sale.

*Wings and Stings: a Tale for the Young.* By A. L. O. E. (Nelson and Sons).—As the title-page imports, a pretty and instructive little tale for the young. The moral inculcates humanity and a love for the feeblest and most minute creatures of the Almighty.

*The Pilgrim's Progress.* Edited by the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. (Oxford and London: J. and H. Parker).—A readable adaptation of the Elstow tinker's son's wonderful allegory.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Train.*—The fourth number of this periodical indicates a marked progression in the right direction. In his novel, "Marston Lynch," Mr. Robert Brough is getting over the mere preliminaries of his story, and is working it up to a dramatic climax. There are two papers of literary antiquarian gossip, by Messrs. Edward Draper and W. P. Hale: Colley Cibber is the subject of the one, and the *Times* newspaper sixty years ago of the other; and both will repay perusal. Mr. Robert Brough's series of translations from Victor Hugo's poems is continued; and the one which has been selected for the present number is one of the happiest efforts of translation we have ever had the good fortune to meet with. Those who are familiar with Hugo's wonderful poem, "Les Djinnas," will scarcely believe it possible that a translation could be made, in which not only the sense and spirit, but the curious verbal mechanism of the original is exactly copied; yet this has been achieved by Mr. Robert Brough. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with *Les Orientales* we may observe that this poem is intended to represent the feelings with which a terrified mortal listens to a flight of evil spirits through the air. The faint sound of their coming, the approaching horror, the terrible confusion when they are near, and the gradual dying away of both sound and fear, as they speed on into the distance, are the incidents upon which the composition is based. Not only is the story well told, so far as the mere sequence of incident goes, but the poet, by an artful *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the metre, gives to the very sound of the verses an intimate relation with the idea. In all these respects Mr. Brough has succeeded admirably. His version is indeed as Victor Hugo would have written it in English, and we hope Mr. Brough will persevere in his praiseworthy task of introducing the works of this great poet to the notice of Englishmen.

*The Idler.*—There may be two opinions as to whether it is a desirable thing to heap invective upon the Emperor of the French at the present juncture of affairs; but, sooth to say, it seems rather late in the day to cast in his teeth the Corsican police spy who stabbed Pianori, and to fulminate a violent diatribe against the French police, here melodramatically called—in a style worthy of the Victoria Theatre or *L'Homme* newspaper—"the bloodhounds of the Empire." Mr. Hannay's novel, "Bagot's Youth" (a Penderennis the second), still continues to be the chief attraction of the periodical; and there is an article upon the Cheap Press, which has attracted some attention.

*The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.*—The present number opens with an appreciative article upon Carlyle, evidently by one who has laboured hard to crack the nut of his philosophy, and has succeeded. Another article, upon Mr. Ruskin's new volume, speaks of that art-critic as a man uttering "truths pre-eminent and noble, most worthy to be believed by us." Those who are interested in the question of University reform will peruse with profit an excellent article upon Oxford, tending to show how it is that this University has hitherto mainly succeeded in manufacturing—not scholars, nor mathematicians, nor men of business, but—gentlemen.

Three of the quarterlies lie before us, the *Westminster*, the *London*, and the *National*, and each has its distinctive features. The *Westminster* is argumentative, unimpassioned, reflective; the *London* is energetic, vigorous, hard-hitting; the *National* is eloquent in expression, but hesitating in opinion, as if its writers were afraid to give expression to their thoughts. All treat more or less of the political and religious topics of the day; but each with its own bias. The *Westminster* is unscrupulously heterodox in both, holding the doctrines of philosophical radicals and of rationalistic theology. The *London* is radical too, but more practically so. And the *National* leans to the same opinions, but with a kind of misgiving that checks their free development, and so qualifies them that they do not look like themselves. The *Westminster* assails with good effect the Law of Divorce; it stirs the Sunday Question by an appeal from sentiment to fact; and its assaults Medical Despotism with hearty goodwill. Of course the Congress at Vienna, stale though the theme is now, and the fall of Kars, are prominent topics. The *London* opens appropriately with "Christian Theism," from which it passes to "Our Peninsular Heroes," written before the peace. The Cathedral Commission is keenly criticised; and Mr. Caird's famous sermon is expanded in its applications. In the Fine Arts we are presented

with a brilliant essay on Raffaele and his cartoons. The *National* treats of what it is pleased to call "The Austrian Peace;" another political paper is on "The Political Tendencies of America," just now more interesting to us than the conflict which has become history. Goethe, Macaulay, and Rogers, and the English stage are the topics of four papers which make the *National* the most literary of the new quarterlies, and each is handled with unusual ability. Cambridge University Reform is a theme of limited interest; but the article on Mediatorial Religion will make a stir. It is a further development of the rationalistic views which have marked this periodical from its commencement. Altogether it is a number to be read; it is never dull like the *Edinburgh*.

The *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* contains eleven papers, besides reviews and reports of proceedings of scientific societies and scientific intelligence. The most attractive of the former is Dr. Forbes's "Essay on the Geological relations of the Secondary and Primary Rocks of the Chain of Mont Blanc." Sir Wm. Jardine's "Contributions to Ornithology," also are of general interest. Mr. Charles Jenner's paper on "The Spores of Cryptogamic Plants" throws further light on a question still involved in mystery.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has two biographies—George Cadoudal, the Achilles of the Chouans, and Louis David, the historical painter of France. There is an interesting paper also by Dr. Dawson, on the supposed insanity of Sir I. Newton. The necrology and historical review are as copious as ever.

The *New Quarterly Review* is one of those speculations whose existence is a mystery. It would appear to be entirely useless to anybody, for it fulfils no purpose. It gives no more information on any book or any subject than the literary journals; and what it gives is necessarily stale. It does not supply the elaborate reviews and essays of the regular quarterlies. Who buys it we cannot understand, still less who reads it, still less who pays the loss which the publication must impose upon the proprietors.

*Chambers's History of the Russian War* will now be brought to a legitimate conclusion. But as yet, it only enters upon the year 1855.

*Hogg's Instructor* is as various as usual in the selection of subjects; and many of them are handled with a power that would do credit to a more important periodical.

An advertisement informs us that the *Dublin University Magazine* has again become Irish property; but it had never passed out of Irish editorship. The present number is distinguished by a contribution from Carleton, entitled "Fair Gurlin." "Ancient Physic and Physicians" is a curious gathering of scattered facts.

The *Eclectic Review* mingles literature and religion very agreeably. The "Life of Salvatore Rosa" and "Fergusson's Architecture," are marshalled with "Bible Truth and its Opponents," "Dr. Wardlaw," and "The Christian Life."

The *British Educator* and the *Scottish Review* are northern periodicals—each with a purpose below its ostensible one.

The *Ladies' Companion* has a sporting engraving, a picture of the fashions, and some very respectable light literature.

The *Art Journal* engraves from the Royal Galleries David Roberts's "Fountain of Madrid," and Wappeler's "Genevieve of Brabant." Many of the articles are profusely illustrated with exquisite woodcuts.

The second part of Mr. Mayhew's *Great World of London* commences the large topic of "Legal London," giving his first attention to the prisons, about which he has collected a vast amount of curious and valuable information, illustrating them with woodcuts.

*Blackwood* opens with a sensible article on the laws concerning women, which appears in good season, the subject being before Parliament. But the other papers are heavier than usual. "Alison's Europe," "Prescott's Philip II.," "The Indian Civil Service," and "The Kars Blue-Book," are too much of one complexion, not sufficiently relieved by a lively review of "The Scot Abroad," and of De Bajancourt's Narrative of the Campaign, as seen from the French point of view.

In the seven years from 1847 to 1854 the following number of books is stated to have appeared in Norway:—In philology, 87; metaphysics, 23; pedagogical science, 65; theology, 18; law, 63; politics and national economy, 46; medical science, 26; natural philosophy, 39; rural economy, 48; technology, 12; history, 123; nautical and commercial science, 33; military science, 28; mathematics, 28; belles lettres, 187; miscellaneous writings, 6—altogether, during the seven years, 1027 volumes, or, on an average, 146 every year. Of these, 870 were original works, 130 translations, and the remaining 18 reprints of older books. More than two-thirds of the number, viz., 791 volumes, were printed at Christiania (the University of Norway), whereas only 100 appeared at Bergen (the principal commercial town), 27 at Drontheim, 26 at Stavanger, 19 at Skien, 11 at Christiansand, &c. In order to buy a copy of every book appearing in Norway, a sum of 90 to 100 species (20*l.* to 25*l.*) per annum would suffice; the whole literature of the country since 1814 may be purchased for a little more than 2500 species.



## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE Royal Preacher, among the other times which are to be found under the sun, might have included a time to trifle. We all take occasion to trifle—possibly it is a law of human nature—from the schoolboy who engages his companion in a furtive game at "tip-tap-toe, all-in-a-row," on his slate, instead of working out some perplexing sum in vulgar fractions, or who displays his incipient taste in the fine arts by drawing fabulous cows, and monster houses whose chimneys emit clouds miles long of smoke, on the fly-leaf of his "Gradus" when he should be attending to burthensome rules of metre, to the full-grown man, who shirks the desk or counter for equally frivolous occupations; from the little rustic, who swings on a gate and eats fat bacon when he should be scaring away the birds, to the grave philosopher, who plays with his kitten and neglects his problems. Trifling may be of an innocent character enough—a momentary and wholesome relaxation; but sometimes it assumes a form at once melancholy and amusing. It is when the mind allows itself to be too much engrossed in useless pursuits, when it goes in search of the impossible, or when after hours of toil and trouble it elaborates a something which may display ingenuity, but which can be of no earthly service to any one. We once knew a cobbler, an ingenious fellow, who almost starved his family while he was endeavouring to discover perpetual motion; a blacksmith who ceased forging horse-shoes and tenpenny nails that he might devote his mind to the quadrature-of-the-circle problem; and a schoolmaster, a worthy man, but on one point a little cracked, who neglected his scholars while he was striving to disprove the truth of the Newtonian system. The schoolboys had a fine time of it; fortunately for them, he was not their teacher in astronomy. All these, and all such as these, we look upon as triflers. But most to be deplored is the literary trifler. How much precious time has not been wasted on an acrostic, an anagram, a chronogram, on *vers brisés*, *vers burlesques*, *vers couronnés*, *vers bout rimés*, charades, enigmas, and the like? We perceive occasionally some ingenuity displayed in these attempts; but ingenuity misapplied, with a deplorable sacrifice of time. Men, however, will have their hobbies, have their trifles, at any cost. Literary trifling is not carried to such an extent now, perhaps, as in former days; but still there is enough of it.

The republication, in Paris, of a sixteenth-century literary trifle, has suggested the foregoing observations. M. Ulysse Capitaine edits the *Pugna Porcorum*, per P. Porcius, poetam ("The Battle of the Pigs," &c.) As he has published five-and-forty copies of the poem only, and as we are not likely to see one of them soon, we have had recourse to the first edition of 1530, printed, as Brunet supposes, in Cologne or in Belgium, to give the reader some account of this singular production and its author. The poem, which consists of 253 verses, is supposed to have been occasioned by a quarrel which took place between the burghers, *porci*, and the common people, *porcelli*, of Liège—between the pigs and the piglings. All the stages of the battle are regularly described, down to the last fight, when a peace was signed. The poem is what is called a *tautogram*—that is, where every word in the poem commences with the same letter. In the present instance it is the letter P. After the title, on the frontispiece, occur the following verses:—

Perlegi porcorum pulcherrimi praelia poter,  
Potandi poteris placidam proferre potam.

Not wishing to drag the reader through much filth and mire, we confine ourselves to a single extract from the *Pugna Porcorum*—the "Particulars of Peace":—

Porci praelati placido pacto pepigerunt  
Perpetuam pacem posthac præcedere parvos  
Porcellos, porcos putri pinguedine penos,  
Phas posthac porcis passim pugnare puillis  
Pro pomis putridis, pro portae posterioris  
Proventu pingui, poterint purgare plateas,  
Prolixæ poterint ponaria participare,  
Partiri prædæ, patulis peragraræ pauides:  
Proclamatur porcelli pectore plosa  
Postquam præripitur porcellis per perigrinos  
Postquam præcipiunt pede prehendi posteriori.

P. Porcius, or to give him his proper name, John Leo Placentius (or the Pleasant, probably his Flemish name was Froljik), was born at

Saint Trond, in the district of Liège, about 1500. He studied at Bois-le-Duc, in the school of the Hieronymites, and embracing subsequently the religious life, entered the Dominican order, and was sent to complete his theological studies at Louvain. Other circumstances of his life are unknown, and it is conjectured that he died about 1548. Several works are attributed to him, but the *Pugna Porcorum* is the only one that appears to have been preserved. It has passed through several editions. Let us hope, for all it is worth, that it has now reached its last. The reader who has any curiosity in this species of literature will have it fully gratified by referring to the *Amusements philologiques* of G. P. Philomneste, otherwise Gabriel Peignot. Here he will find illustrations of every species of literary trifling, the tautogram and lipogram included, the latter consisting of verses wherein an A or a B, or any special letter of the alphabet, is not to be found. Of the tautogram, he gives examples from P. Porcius and one or two other writers. A poem, written by Waldus, a Benedictine, in the time of Charles the Bald, in praise of baldness, makes each word in each verse begin with the letter C. The first three lines of the *Calceorum Encomium* run:—

Carmina clarissime calvis cantate, camenas,  
Comere condigno conabor carmine calvos  
Contra cirrosus crines contundere collis.

Christian Pierius, a German, was an outrageous trifler. He wrote a poem of nearly 1200 verses on Jesus Christ, each word in which commenced with a C. We shall spare the patience of the reader by giving four verses only.

Currite Castalides Christo comitanti camenas  
Concelebraturæ cunctorem carmine certum  
Confulgunt collapsorum, concurrete cantus  
Conclinnaturæ celebresque cothurnus.

The reader will say with Martial after these specimens—

Turpe est difficile habere nugas,  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

Lines which the elder Disraeli has translated:—

'Tis a folly to sweat o'er a difficult trifle,  
And for silly devices invention to rifle.

The Paris press continues to issue its monthly supplies of small books, but their quality is not to be judged of by their size. We speak with reference to light literature, because in polemics and politics our neighbours are as capable of perpetrating as much nonsense in small compass as we do at home. In the *novellette* they particularly excel. In a slender duodecimo you have the whole gist of a three-volume novel. The narrative is consecutive; the dialogue rapid and sparkling; distressing episodes are avoided; scenery and persons are drawn in outline; and, without stage directions, you can see every one in his place, and witness his gestures and emotions. Among the sparkling novelists of the day must be reckoned Arsène Houssaye. His latest production is entitled *Le Violin de Franjolet*; but there is more than a violin in his entertainment—for within the wrapper of his tiny volume we have *Le Domino rose et le domino noir*; *Messière et soldat*; *Caroline de Wanloo*; *la Pantoufle violette*; *la Fontaine aux Loups*; *le Philosophe Nicolet*. Arsène Houssaye is a writer whose works we cannot venture to analyse. We can no more count his beauties, his whimsies, his caprices, his leaps and bounds, than we can count the beads in a glass of champagne. We can only simply commend his writings to the reader. Armand Gueraud furnishes a *Notice sur Gilles de Rais*. There may be many who have never made the acquaintance of this worthy, and for the information of such we note a few particulars. Gilles de Rais, or more properly Gilles de Laval, seigneur de Retz, was born about 1396, or, according to others, 1404. He lost his father in 1416, and thereby inherited a vast estate, which we shall find he did not make the very best use of. He was a soldier, a gay, dashing young fellow, ever foremost in the fight, and conspicuous through his valour. Our bluff Englishmen felt the bite of his sword more than once. In 1429 he was one of the captains who aided Joan of Arc to carry provisions into Orleans, and distinguished himself at the taking of Gergeau. Charles VII. made him a marshal of France while he was yet a young man, barely thirty. This elevation owed as much

to his services as his birth. He signalled himself, in 1430, at the taking of Melun, and at the raising of the siege of Lagny by the English. In 1433 he appeared once more in front of our countrymen, but both French and English army, on this occasion, separated without doing each other damage; and here the military career of Gilles de Rais appears to have ended. Through his own patrimony, and what he inherited through the death of a maternal uncle, he became one of the richest men in France. His annual income has been valued at 300,000 livres. If one of the richest gentlemen in France, he was also one of the fastest, and ran through the greater part of his fortune in a very short time. If his military career was honourable, his private career was the most dishonourable and atrocious on record. He has had the honour of being regarded as the veritable Blue Beard. He debaucheries were of a character unheard of; his extravagance that of a madman. He had at one time a body-guard of two hundred horsemen, an expense which even the greatest princes could not afford in those times. He had in his train, besides, more than fifty individuals, chaplains, chorists, musicians, pages, domestics—all, for the most part, agents or accomplices in his libertinage, and mounted and maintained at his expense. He had his private chapel—our rake was very religious to the last—which was adorned with tapestry of silk and gold. The ornaments, the sacred vessels were of gold, enriched with precious stones. He had an organ, possibly a hand-organ, which was always carried before him. His chaplains, clad in robes of scarlet, trimmed with furs, had the titles of dean, chanter, archdeacon. The rogue had even a bishop, and applied to the Pope for permission to have the cross carried before him. He gave, at a great expense, representations of *Mysteries*, the only theatricals then known. To support his extravagance he alienated many of his estates, much to the vexation of some of his relations, who were obliged at length to interfere, or he would have sold every acre he possessed. In his extremity he turned his attention to alchemy. He sought to convert the pewter of his kitchen into fine gold; but, like others of his age, who sought the grand secret of transmutation, he failed. Tired of the laboratory and its green dragons, he took refuge in magic. He would have the devil to aid him; but before he could obtain the devil's aid, he had the aid of two great masters in the art—Messire Jean, an Englishman, and François Prelati, an Italian. He promised everything to the devil, it is said, except his soul and his body—terms which the devil appears to have rejected. Gilles de Rais, while holding the candle to the gentleman in black, and burning much incense to his honour, was still in externals a very godly man. His choristers, his dean, his chanter, archdeacon, and bishop were fully employed. His piety and impiety, however, appear to have kept equal paces. Charity suggests strange mental aberration in his case; or is it that intense superstition is generally allied to the veriest devilry? Be it as it may, it was about this time that he began to immolate children, either as a refinement in his abominable pleasures, or to employ their blood, the heart, the liver, or some other portion of the body, in his incantations. His creatures enticed young girls, but chiefly boys, by giving them sweetmeats, into his chateaux, from whence they never came forth. Other agents, who accompanied him in his journeys through Brittany, persuaded poor artisans who had pretty children to confide them to the Marshal, who would admit them among his pages, and take care of their fortunes. Several of his relations were accused of being accomplices in his debaucheries, either by procuring victims, or by maltreating or threatening parents, to obtain their silence. But, according to the old saying, murder will out. The Seigneur de Retz, Marshal of France, was found, in the month of September 1440, napping in fancied security, and arrested. The Bishop of Nantes, furnished with a bull from Pope Eugenius II., was a more powerful man than the King. The bull declared the Marshal "*maligno spiritu imbutus et suæ salutis immemor*"—imbued with an evil spirit and forgetful of his salvation, which was true enough, for once at least, of a papal bull. He

was safely immured in the chateau of Nantes, and at the same time two of his confederates were apprehended. Their names are not worth recording; this much, John the Englishman was not one, Prelati the Italian was not the other, for he had already become the prey of death. Crime and cowardice are generally associated. Confronted with his two accomplices, Gilles de Rais disowned them as his servants—he was only served by honest men. The threat of torture made him alter his tone; he confessed all, acknowledged all. The catalogue of his crimes, which still exists in ten manuscripts in the imperial library at Paris, is enough to make the blood run cold. The innocent victims of his wantonness were sacrificed to his ferocity. Their ages were from eight to eighteen. The number would appear to be incalculable, seeing that, according to his own confession, he had been carrying out his diabolical purposes in different places for eight years, or, according to the declaration of one of his accomplices, for fourteen years. The present editor reckons the number of innocents slain by this more than inhuman Herod at one hundred and forty. To hide the traces of his crimes he threw the mutilated corpses into the *fosses d'aisances* when he was travelling; but when residing in one of his chateaux, he burned them, and cast their ashes to the wind. In spite of all his precautions, forty-six bodies were found at Chantocé, and eighty at Machecoul. The charge of felony was further brought against the Marshal. He was convicted and condemned to die. That he might gratify before his death one of his favourite tastes, he begged that he might be conducted to the scaffold by the Bishop of Nantes. There he testified—according to the statement of Audifret, one of his biographers and not a very correct one in every instance—"a sincere repentance;" asked the pardon of the parents of the children whom he had cruelly put to death; and exhorted his two accomplices, who were to be executed at the same time with him, to die well, bade them adieu, and promised to meet them in Paradise. He recommended his soul to "Monseigneur saint Jacques et Monseigneur saint Michel," praying them, "qu'il leur plust la recevoir et la présenter devant Dieu, a qui il prioit la prendre en miséricorde sans la punir selon ses delicts"—praying St. James and St. Michael that it would please them to receive his soul and present it to God, whose mercy he entreated, not to punish it according to its demerits. He was burned alive. Another account says, that, on account of his birth, his services, and repentance, he was strangled instead of being burned. The difference matters little. The 25th October 1440 saw the end of a monster. The author of the "Notice," &c., M. Armand Guérard, has taken much pains to illustrate a bad subject, yet one which has some historical interest.

There have been grand doings at the French Academy. The Duc de Broglie has been received into the number of the forty; Lord Clarendon was present, and attracted great attention. M. Nisard was there, in his office of director, to reply to the "*recipiendaire*"—that same Nisard of whom Béranger, *le pauvre chansonnier*, sang so obnoxiously to imperial ears a week or two ago—

Nisard pour moi serait-il l'éloquence ?

M. de Broglie takes the *fautail* of the late M. de Sainte-Aulaire, author of *L'Histoire de la Fronde*. It is necessary, on such occasions, that the *recipiendaire* should praise his predecessor—his genius, his talents, his character, his literary or scientific services; and it is equally necessary that the *recipiendaire* should be complimented by the president or director, on taking his seat among the *savants* for the first time. M. Nisard, as we have already intimated, performed the latter duty; but, as M. Nisard *pour moi n'est pas l'éloquence*, he must be passed over without further note. The history of the Fronde must have been to M. de Broglie an awkward subject to talk upon in the presence of empire; but he did his best to suit himself to the occasion. After touching, in feeling terms, on the life of his friend M. de Sainte-Aulaire, after stating how at the age of eighteen he was chosen as a hydrographic engineer, and how subsequently under the Empire he became prefect of the department of the Meuse, he proceeded:—

Which of us could regret, at this epoch, the liberty which we had known in its excesses only, the guarantees which, until then, profited alone the powerful? The Emperor, inheritor of the right of the powerful, which had belonged to every faction, did not abuse it so much as did liberty. He was absolute; he im-

posed submission and silence; but this was neither for his own repose, nor without utility to his country. He said, "*L'Etat, c'est moi*," and this was true in every respect. Indefatigable, unwearied, having an eye and an ear for every thing, traversing incessantly, with giant steps, his vast estates, reprimanding severely every excess of power which he had not prescribed or authorised himself; inexorable towards revenue collectors, adventurers, factors; consecrating his days and his nights to the adding up of figures, investigating budgets, to the discovery of a centime miscarried or forgotten; sparing each year one half of his civil list to reward his soldiers and servants; but lending rather than giving, exacting in return that which he could exact. To serve him was not to count efforts or to measure sacrifices; to serve him was to serve more than himself.

This is no doubt intended for the nephew of the Emperor; the closing words of his address are intended for the ears of the literary world.

The honour of letters consists in neither yielding to or enduring depression of spirits; they must be called upon incessantly, and maintained in the serene regions where high thoughts, noble aspirations, and disinterested sentiments germinate. Letters worthy of the name, human letters, *humaniores literæ*, nourish youth with a generous sap; charm old age, in retracing great examples and fond remembrances; appease the soul in the tumult of business; smile upon it in the country retreat; and like the column of fire which guided Moses, they accompany man in his journey here below, in warming him with their flames and lighting him with their rays. They are called human *par excellence*, precisely because they assist humanity in the combat of life, and reanimate it in its feebleness. Humanity is ambitious and weak. It aspires to all, and gets disgusted with all; it is its misery and its grandeur. It is its misery because a trifle disconcerts it; its grandeur, because repose fatigues it more than labour, and hope gives it strength to work. Its nature, the work of God, is worth more than its condition here below. It bears the seal of immortality on its breast and its forehead.

By the time the present number of the CRITIC has been circulated, will have appeared, simultaneously in Paris and Brussels, a new poem by Victor Hugo—*Les Contemplations*—one upon which he has been engaged for some time. It will be in a manner an autobiography, giving, in two volumes divided into six parts, the souvenirs of his youth and of his manhood—setting forth his aspirations and struggles; expressing his grief when he lost a favourite daughter by drowning; his feelings when, as an exile, he escaped from France to be hunted from Belgium; when as a *proscrit* he landed in Jersey, to be driven to Guernsey; and, finally, his hopes of the future. When the poem reaches us the reader will have a more complete account of its contents.

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

##### FRENCH.

- Annuaire de l'Observatoire de Paris, publiée par U. J. Le Verrier. Tom. I. Paris. 4to. 27s.  
Capefigue.—Catherine de Medici, mère des Rois François II., Charles IX., et Henri III. Paris. 12mo.  
Chauvot, Henri.—Le Barreau de Bordeaux de 1775 à 1815. Paris. 8vo. 6s.  
Clement de Hils, Camille L.—Le bouquet de violettes. Une bonne œuvre. Le docteur Vincent. Paris. 16mo. 1s.  
Colet, Louise.—Le poème de la femme. La religieuse. Paris. 8vo. 12s. 6d.  
De Lestang.—De la part que prirent les habitants du Maine à la conquête d'Angleterre par Guillaume le Conquérant. Leilans. 8vo.  
Feuillide, C. de.—L'Algérie française. Paris. 8vo. 5s.  
Lannay, Vicomte de.—Lettres parisiennes. Tom. I. Paris. 12mo. 1s.  
Lefevre-Deumier, J.—Vittoria Colonna. Paris. 16mo. 1s.  
Moreau, Hégésippe.—Œuvres complètes; suivies des Œuvres choisies de Gilbert et de la Biographie des auteurs morts de faim, de Colnet. Paris. 32mo. 1s. 6d.  
Mornand, Félix.—La vie arabe. Paris. 18vo.  
Quicherat, J.—Les vers de maître Henri Baude, poète du 13e siècle, &c. Paris. 8vo. 5s.

##### GERMAN.

- Album der neueren, &c. (Album of the most recent German lyric compositions). Leipzig. 16mo. 6s.  
Apel, T.—Gesammelte Werke, &c. (Collected dramatic works). Vol. I. Leipzig. 8vo. 3s.  
Besser, W. F.—Martinus von Tours. Leipzig. 32mo.  
Ehrenfried.—Die Ideale, &c. (The Ideal and Life. A Novel.) Kiel. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Kruse, T.—Indiensatze, &c. (Ancient History of India, from foreign sources, &c. Leipzig. 8vo. 7s.  
Weichselbaumer, E.—Historische, &c. (Historical novels.) Nuremb. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

##### SPANISH.

- Hermosilla, José Gomez.—Juicio critico de los principales poetas españoles de la ultima era. Paris. 12mo.  
Samaniego, Felix-Maria.—Fábulas en verso castellano. Paris. 32mo.

##### LATIN.

- Ferreira, Emm. Jos.—Magnum lexicon novissimum latinum et lusitanum, &c. Paris. 4to.

#### FRANCE.

Catechisme Positiviste. Par AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris.

THERE is a kind of dullness which is sometimes more amusing than wit; and if we said that M. Comte possesses that dullness in a very eminent degree we should be characterising with utmost brevity, as thinker and as writer, one who curiously attempts to combine the philosopher and the prophet—a combination which, in the case of still more gifted men than he, has never been particularly interesting or happy. All M. Comte's books are dull: this is one of the dullest; and yet it is throughout abundantly entertaining. This may sound paradoxical; but the paradox will at once vanish, if we consider that there is nothing more ludicrous, even to the gravest, than the gravity of a goose,—an animal whose majestic strut along a common after it is tired of feeding is a familiar, but not, it must be confessed, an imposing spectacle. M. Comte's pace and presence are kindred to those of this useful bird, and, as destitute as it of humour, he provokes mirth by his solemn airs and by a ponderousness of speech which is meant for regal dignity. Probably few men in these days are more sincere than M. Comte, more benevolent, more prepared to renounce the world's glittering gains and to bear the world's worst persecutions for an idea. His singleness of purpose and simplicity of character we duly honour; and as a martyr for his opinions, along with many other noble French souls, let him have unstinted praise. But, perhaps, it would be impossible to find in the whole history of our race a more unlimited self-idolator. If this were mere enthusiasm, we could not condemn it; for every unfold of a new doctrine, or of what he deems such, must be an enthusiast, if he is to win for it enduring empire on earth. But M. Comte has too little imagination, too little fervour, to be an enthusiast. In his heavy pages there is a placidity which cannot be ruffled, along with a tepidity which never breaks into a momentary flash of warmth. No; M. Comte offers the most lavish incense to himself, and sacrifices as a holocaust to his own glory all the greatest reformers who have gone before him; but he does this in a manner so mechanical that we feel bound to rebuke an egregious vanity which has so little ardour of temperament to adorn and to excuse it. The calmer, however inordinate, is M. Comte's self-worship, the more it is ridiculous; and it is chiefly this frigidity combined with this extravagance of self-worship, which renders his drowsy, arid, pedantic writings so infinitely diverting. That a man should, impelled by no strong emotions, kindled by no omnipotent phantasies, adore himself as if he were adoring a god, is what we have laughed at enough in Robert Owen, but what we must laugh still more at in Auguste Comte, the preacher of sociocracy.

M. Comte having been kind enough to give the world a creed, thought it would not be amiss if he gave the world a catechism too: and here we have it. A catechism in any proper sense it can scarcely be called; for though there are two interlocutors,—*The Priest*, M. Comte himself, and *The Woman*, some female admirer of M. Comte's doctrines—this is merely an ingenious device by which M. Comte is enabled to delectate himself with a double dose of laudation. It is true we get here a complete summary of M. Comte's doctrines; but the sum of M. Comte's doctrines, whatever may be the summary, is, that he is the last and the greatest of mankind's reformers,—the benignest bringer of a revelation, which is never, like other revelations, to be superseded. The revelation itself we know not whether it is worth while seriously to refute. It would never have attracted the slightest attention but for the scientific eminence of the revealer. It is at once the most absurd and the most commonplace of revelations. It has no real originality; and its paradoxes are all of that preposterous kind, that the instincts and experience of our race at once reject them. In effect, what novelty can any one discover in what M. Comte, in his usual pompous way, calls the sacred formula of Positivism: Love as Principle, Order as Basis, and Progress as End? We had thought that doctrines teaching love, and order, and progress, had long been on the earth; and that affection for the brethren, even to the extent of dying for them, was not so wonderfully new, either on the human lips, in the human heart, or in the human life. Notwithstanding its immense pretensions, Positivism is unquestionably a compromise between the sen-



sational ideas, which in their negative statement had fallen into discredit, and the Roman Catholic Church, considered, not as a faith, but as an organism. In this catechism, in which M. Comte attempts to build Positivism into a religion, it is evidently the hierarchy and some important institutions of the Roman Catholic Church which he reproduces. He would strip them of their poetry, and scrawl on every bone of their enormous skeletons his own immortal name; and devout millions, in breathing that name with rapture, would find consolation for a vanished Deity. Whatever M. Comte may have achieved for what the French are pleased to call the solidarity of the sciences, he would have been quite as wise if he had let religion alone. It is not we who have ever proclaimed an irreconcilable antagonism between science and religion; though we have always resisted violent endeavours artificially to reconcile them. But to substitute science for religion, substantially to deny the very possibility of religion, and then endeavour to exalt science into a religion, is monstrous; and yet is not astonishing as soon as we know that it is M. Comte who does it. He is continually telling us—it is his article of articles—that humanity in its development goes through three grand phases—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. We are at present entering on the third phase, and M. Comte is its Messiah. Now it may be perfectly true that in its social action religion may mean what it means etymologically, a binding and rebinding power. But religion is potent over communities only, from its previous empire over the individual; and its empire over the individual is through sympathy with the Invisible. Yet does not M. Comte emphatically deny the Invisible? Does not he place in the denial thereof the very essence of his system? What is the value of symbols, when there is no Divinest Unseen to be symbolised? What is the value of a hierarchy, if there is no Divinest Unseen to be served? What is the value of a ritual, if there is no Divinest Unseen to be revered? M. Comte identifies the positive with the real, and the real with what can be actually known. But in the region of the actually known, how can the ideal nourish unbounded veneration, or what is there to venerate? A new religion should surely give us a grander Ideal, a profounder Spiritual; but M. Comte would rob us of the Spiritual and the ideal altogether. And we doubt whether any of us would be much profited by a religious ceremonial of which it is a part that the worshippers, while reciting the fundamental formula of positivism, should place their hand successively on their bumps of amativeness, of order, and of progress. From this to the most orgiastic bestialities, to every phallic abomination and excess, would be only a single step. M. Comte, it will be seen, is a believer in phrenology: we are not. The cardinal error of phrenology is in supposing that, because every man's individuality requires and has certain appropriate instruments, these instruments constitute and mould his individuality. Whether, however, we take phrenology, which goes from without to within, or take opposite and nobler doctrines, which go from within to without, the structure which M. Comte has employed such scientific scaffolding and machinery to raise must alike be overthrown. In either case there must be the recognition of certain indestructible principles in human nature. Is or is not the religious sentiment one of these? Is or is not the religious sentiment the chief of these? If it is, then will it obligingly die out of human nature because it pleases M. Comte to dogmatise in an arbitrary fashion? Humanity has its reactions—its oscillations from the extreme of mysticism to the extreme of rationalism, from the extreme of superstition to the extreme of incredulity; just as in politics it is continually passing from the maddest of revolutionary to the most craven of conservative moods. But such sudden and immense ebblings and flowings do not surely prove the nonexistence of the mighty main; they rather prove how wide is its sweep and how unfathomable are its depths. Even if all history were not before us to combat M. Comte, those faculties which are the common heritage of our race would conspire to crush his false and puerile theories. Man cannot be first theologian, then metaphysician, and then positivist, just because the adorer and the metaphysician, no less than the poet, the warrior, and the lover, are the inalienable dower of his manhood. And it is this that gives hope to the true sons of God in all ages. As they

believe that God himself cannot change, so they believe that man, the image of his maker, has certain primordial attributes which are no less unchangeable. To these they affectionately, confidently, zealously, perseveringly appeal, and never in vain. Unless M. Comte's wretched jargon had gained a certain currency in England, it would not be worth while stating what is so obvious and undeniable. The two chief propagators of Positivism in England are a lady whose first and last scientific experiment was an attempt to mesmerise her cow, and a gentleman who agitates every week the deeply interesting question whether the human liver forms sugar. If the lady had succeeded in mesmerising her cow, and if the gentleman could establish that the human liver really does form sugar, we should admit their right perhaps to speak on the scientific aspect of M. Comte's crudities; but, though they are both excellent persons in their way, we do not see why we should surrender either to the cow-charmer or the sugar-seeker Humanity in its most social significance, and the Deity in his sublimest enthronement above all firmaments and all spheres, that they may treat Humanity and the Deity with as much ignorant dilettantism as the cow and the liver. M. Comte is never flippant; and, much as he may idolise himself, he has from nature, from education, and from association, religious fibres continually thrilling in his being for the holiest things to which countless generations have bowed the knee, though he may call them by different names from ourselves. But the cow-charmer and the sugar-seeker have no instinctive yearnings of the soul for the Invisible. Shallow and impious, they convert worthy M. Comte's system into a more leprous charlatanism than it is; so that, while the author of the system is more misrepresented and degraded by his professed followers than he possibly could be by the severest critic or the bitterest foe, the system itself comes before the English mind with an audacity of atheistic shamelessness, such as shocks our best feelings and outrages all the longanimity of our tolerance—a tolerance not further soothed by the many rags of false science that dangle at the heels of the harlot Blasphemy. It is therefore especially in reference to the English interpreters of M. Comte, and to the silly creatures whom they lead astray, that we re-assert so strenuously those eternal truths which are rooted in the most mystic vitalities of the human bosom, though the human bosom may for a moment forget them. We repeat, what we defy the boldest of the Positivists to contradict with any show either of evidence or of reasoning, that the religious sentiment is the most puissant, intense, and undying portion of man's being, and that therefore it cannot be exiled from creation by the hocus-pocus of a phrase about the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, glibly gabbed by cow-charmers and sugar-seekers. This is the most valiant, the most indomitable attitude which we can take in conflict with Positivism. But its weak places are as many as its fallacies are numerous, and its assumptions impudent. In what does it lie more bare to assault than in its very name? It confounds the positive, that is what we posit regarding the known, with the absolute, which can never be known. It does not pretend to tear the veil of phenomena aside, if with a daring, yet with a successful hand. If, instead of intrenching itself behind what individuals, or mankind as a whole, posit, it were to uncertain to us those naked and rounded facts, or aggregation of facts, which lie beyond the tangible, we should at once admit its claim to be a teacher above all other teachers. We should, in effect, be admitting that it was God; for, to know God in His infinitude is to be God, since God's being and God's consciousness are one. This is a hard test for poor prating Positivism. Unless, however, Positivism be identical with the absolute, and with the knowledge of the absolute, it had better be simple and decided negativism. The old negations of the eighteenth century and the trenchant infidelity of the Encyclopédistes were better far, honester far, than M. Comte's namby-pamby conciliatory dodges. The negative is never an antagonism to the divine; it is only an antagonism to man's enslaving traditions and fanatical dogmas of the divine, and is really an homage to the divinest. The positive is the apotheosis of man's arrogance and conceit. Perhaps there never was a man of more opulent religious phantasy, of more burning religious emotion, than Shelley. The same poet who called himself, with boyish folly, atheist, yet dreamed of and hymned the Spirit of Beauty.

The iconoclast, whether poet, or prophet, or satirist, may, through the mere and earnest simplicity of contradiction, be in certain barren or corrupt or pharisaical ages the true adorer. It is when a man says that he is content with himself, and with the phenomenon or phenomena next him, that he is dangerous or hateful. We dislike disguised atheism—it is Exeter Hall standing on its head. Miss Martineau or Mr. Lewes might sneer at Dr. Cumming; but they themselves, as far as regards those anxious questionings which are at once the torture and the ennoblement of our pilgrimage, are simply Dr. Cummings turned upside down, which is ungraceful—some fastidious people might say indecent. Better hurl anathemas at man, and at whatever man has venerated, than mesmerise cows and extract imaginary particles of sugar from the liver. We cannot belong to ferociously opposite camps. Be a loyal George Cadoudal if you will; or be, if you will, an incorruptible Republican—a Lazarus Carnot. We cannot be both. If Baal be God, then we must serve him; but if the Lord be God, then we must serve Him. Some one has spoken of halfness and plausibility. What, however, if there is halfness without plausibility? Yet that kind of beggarly halfness is your lot if, having neither the aboundingness to love God nor the courage to deny Him, you foolishly plunge into potations of Cockney caudle and Ambleside small beer, and baptise yourself a Positivist. On other subjects suggested by Positivism and by this idiotic catechism, we have no disposition to enlarge. Positivism speaks, for instance, as if now at last science were about to burst on the world, and a new age were beginning. But science always is, and always has been, in the world. The only difference which there can at any time be is not in the scientific tendency, but in the perfection of the scientific instruments. And do telescopes, microscopes, kaleidoscopes, stereoscopes, disclose anything so wonderful or beautiful as what can be seen by the naked eye? Furthermore, does science, popularly considered, ever march beyond industrial application? And how little, often, does this industrial application affect the character or the habits of individuals! Elliott forgot Sheffield, and Bamford forgot Manchester, in the invincible consanguinity of genius with the primrose and the violet. The sweet odour of these flowers has suddenly subdued our critical wrath. And if, instead of ridiculing M. Comte, for which even from this small duodecimo volume there is great temptation and ample field, we should part from him with the smile on a countenance which generally smiles, though the jaws may snarl, we should do so in confessing that, dull as may be his books, and absurd and arid as may be his system, we yet believe him to be a truthful, brave, unselfish, and affectionate man.

## ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 12.

Lately, I mentioned that an account of the unfortunate trip of Mlle. Rachel to the United States was in course of publication in a series of letters. These are to be collected into a volume, and published immediately; but, in the meantime, a few of the leading facts will not be without interest. It may be noted, as a preliminary fact, that the Théâtre Français, and even the Government—which mixes a good deal, in fact somewhat too much, with theatrical matters in Paris—were last year particularly desirous that this national theatre should stand out in its best before the unexampled influx of foreigners expected to be drawn to the capital by the Great Exposition in the Champs Elysées. Mlle. Rachel being of course the grand card, both the Theatre and the authorities were rather taken aback on learning that the great tragedian had fixed upon that very summer for a professional tour in the United States. In reply to a remonstrance on the subject, a statement was pointed out—afterwards published—in which the details of the expenses and profits of the trip were elaborately calculated, and which showed that after paying the *troupe*, attendants, travelling expenses, living *en prince* at the first hotels, &c., Mlle. Rachel would receive no less than sixty thousand pounds sterling. To an argument like this there was no reply, and Rachel, after taking a sudden resolution to act for a few nights, quitted Paris on the 27th July. Here the letter-writer commences his narrative by a description of the rendezvous of the voyagers at the station of the Boulogne Railway at 9 in the morning; everybody looking triste and miserable, save M. Felix (Raphaël) the brother of Rachel and commander-in-chief of the expedition. Considerable doubt, it seems, prevailed till the very last hour as to the final resolution of Mlle. Rachel, so frequently had she changed her

mind as to the voyage: at length, however, a movement in the crowd who surrounded the station told them Rachel had arrived. Now all was sunshine; all was right; but somebody recollected that the day was Friday. An unlucky omen! This did not, however, prevent their starting that day. The captain of the *troupe* saw his company encoined in the railway carriages—all, save Mlle. Rachel, who, struck by some sudden thought, or perhaps having forgot something of consequence at home, remounted her brougham and returned to her hotel. The passage to London was soon performed, and to the inexpressible relief of some of the travellers, Mlle. Rachel arrived nearly as soon as the rest. A few nights of acting in London at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, well paid and much applauded, were a delightful adieu; and on the 10th of August the party started from Euston-square for Liverpool—a town, says the letter-writer, very ugly, very dirty, and full of smoke. Here they found the Pacific steamer ready to sail on the following day. Early in the morning all were afoot; they embarked in a little river steamer, which bore them to the side of the leviathan Pacific, which was puffing and blowing at a tremendous rate. The procession commenced; the passengers one by one mounted the ladder. As Rachel, pale and silent, gained the deck, the satisfaction of her brother Raphaël augmented at each step—*Enfin Rachel est à bord!* He was for the first time completely assured. Passing the adventures of the voyage, which were *nil*, though the subsequent fate of this noble vessel gives a melancholy interest to everything that was connected with it, the captain (Nye, of whom the party speak in the highest terms) on the 20th of the month congratulated his passengers on its being their last day on board. The news was received with general delight, and not a soul was that day absent from the dinner-table. Mlle. Rachel, who from the second day had been confined to her cabin, and had suffered much from the attentions of Neptune, now took her seat by the captain's side. Her health was drunk with all the honours, and a speech was called for in reply! As Rachel does not speak English, the company were forced to content themselves with a gracious bow in return from the illustrious tragedian. *Ea revanche*, she presented the sailors with a thousand francs, through the captain; and an American lady on board, seeing her in a generous humour, besought her to favour the company with a few scenes from a tragedy, even in French—a request with which Rachel positively declined to comply. The next morning they landed in New York, at eight o'clock, to the immense gratification of the whole party, but which filled M. Raphaël's agent with despair. The unlucky fellow, not expecting the vessel before noon, had engaged a band of serenaders to be in readiness at that hour, to welcome the great tragedian to the shores of the New World; but the rapidity of the poor Pacific entirely defeated the scheme. Mlle. Rachel drove at once to the first hotel in the city, where splendid apartments had been secured for her; but she found the noise and turmoil so wholly unsuited to her taste, that the next day she proceeded to private lodgings, where she remained during her stay. The preparations for the opening of the campaign were rapidly made; the name of Rachel, in type of enormous size, and in all the colours of the rainbow, were to be seen on every wall, and she became, in fact, the lioness of the day. But there was no Barnum engaged in the business to get up mock auctions for the sale of tickets, by which the first choice of an orchestra stall at Jenny Lind's first concert in New York was sold for 225 dollars. But nevertheless all promised well, every place was taken, and on Monday, 3rd September, the French plays commenced at the Theatre Metropolitan with Corneille's tragedy "Les Horaces" and the little comedy of "Les Droits de l'Homme." The house was full, but no overcrowding. The ladies were very splendidly dressed, but the male portion of the public looked dark and shabby. The comedy was acted first; it is very comic, but was received with the most perfect silence, and the actors as well as the public were delighted when the comedy was over. The tragedy was more lively; for Rachel was considerably applauded on her entrance, and sometimes during the piece! The receipts were 26,000*fr.*—more than 1000*l.*; but this sum was never reached again, and it was at once plain that dreams of wealth which had led to the speculation had vanished. Nevertheless a handsome sum was obtained. They acted at New York and Boston about forty nights, and the receipts were 25,000*fr.* Mlle. Goldschmidt Lind, for the same number of concerts, gained as much as 70,000*fr.* Unfortunately, the speculation had been conceived on too magnificent a scale; but whatever might have been the results of the scheme under other circumstances, the illness of Rachel put an end to all further proceedings, and the party returned to France sadder, if not wiser men than they left it.

*Medea*, a new French tragedy, translated into Italian, has been brought out, with Madame Ristori in the principal character, the enthusiasm excited by which is wholly without parallel in the theatrical records of Paris. M. Legouvé is the author.

The admirers of Mme. Sand, and they are numerous, must regret her perseverance in wasting talents which might be so much more profitably employed,

in vain endeavours to obtain a place in the ranks of the successful dramatists of the day. Her last new piece, *Françoise*, just brought out at the Gymnase, seems likely to share the fate of her *Lucie*—another drama of the *larmoyant* school, but which, instead of realising the author's aim—I cannot bring myself to call Mme. Sand an authoress—only succeeded in putting to flight the *habitués* of the house. The *Siccle*, itself one of Mme. Sand's staunchest adherents, thus sums up its criticism on this new production:—"This drama is wholly devoid of interest—it awakens no sympathies, and leaves the imagination unmoved; it is a work without meaning or purpose; no delineation is true, and the *mœurs* it purports to represent are no more to be found in the Berri, than in the moon." As a set-off, the *Siccle* states that it is essentially poetical—which being translated into plain English simply means that, without the beauty of poetry, it possesses all the exaggeration and extravagance of the mystic school—of Tennyson and Browning. The following is a sketch of the subject of *Françoise*:—The Count de Tregueneuc, a gentleman born in the wilds of Brittany, and whom his father experienced considerable reluctance in acknowledging as his legitimate son, has been brought up far from the "halls of his ancestors," by a country doctor. This village Esculapius, like Jephtha, "had one fair daughter," and this daughter is Françoise, the heroine of the piece. Tregueneuc remains there till his twentieth year, when he comes into his mother's property rushes off to Paris, and there rapidly acquires a very small amount of experience and a large quantity of debts. He applies to his father; but that worthy person coolly intimates that he has great doubts as to whether he is his son at all—at any rate, tells him not to expect any assistance at his hands. In this predicament Tregueneuc *dulces reminiscitur Argos*—he remembers the country doctor's pleasant cottage, and there seeks a refuge against his creditors. As a matter of course Mlle. Françoise, a young lady who unites all the virtues and perfections Mme. Sand is usually so lavish of towards her heroines, is desperately in love with this amiable scamp, and takes very good care to let him know the state of her feelings. Her father is worried into giving his approval to this attachment, and a M. de la Hyonnais, one of those "Tommy-too-good's" which Mme. Sand has invented for her own use, quietly abdicates his pretensions in favour of his rival. Tregueneuc is not averse to bestow his hand upon Françoise, but he has sundry misgivings as to whether she will bring him a fortune. Now, it so happens that after paying off all debts Françoise's "portion" is reduced to her virtues and accomplishments. Having ascertained this, Madame Sand's hero coolly gives poor Françoise the cold shoulder, and begins laying siege to a wealthy heiress, not unblemished in her reputation, ridiculous in her manners, and whose father's disreputable character and barefaced insolence not even his ill-acquired fortune can palliate. The two young ladies are both determined on becoming Madame de Tregueneuc, and this new Paris goes from one to the other like a certain quadruped between two bundles of hay. Such is the piece. At last, Tregueneuc's father discovers his suspicions of his son's legitimacy to have been devoid of foundation, and acknowledges him as his heir. He has the good taste to jilt the low-born heiress, and offer his hand to Françoise; but, to conform to the capricious spirit which seems to have taken possession of all the personages just at the conclusion, she refuses, and marries La Hyonnais. Thus is virtue rewarded. The *Univers* calls the subject vulgar and indelicate. As to the mode in which Madame Sand has treated it hear Jules Janin in the *Journal des Debats*.

Alas! misery and vanity of the illustrious author of "Indiana," of "Valentine," of "La Mare au Diable," and so many good books. Must we then, and for ever, give up those graces, that charm, that noble style, those chaste and vivacious passions, for clumsy comedies, such as "Lucie," "Mauprat," the "Vie de Molière," "Maitre Favailla," for works without a name. How sad, and what tedious hours this obstinacy prepares for us. She will no longer write, that illustrious and ill-advised woman, anything but *mémoires*, dramas, comedies, or *myths*. She relates no longer, but declaims; she speaks only in a dialogue; she enters up into acts, scenes, prologue, and epilogue, things insipid on the stage, and which might appear beautiful, related as of old—thirty years since. It is over. Farewell pity, interest, curiosity, and passion, farewell fruitful tears, melting tenderness, and burning words that came from the soul, and went to the heart. The art wherein she was most excellent she rejects, and pursues with rage a trade which flies from her. She was at an easy distance from Rousseau. She aspires to a place by the side of Meville!

It seems that one of those industrious individuals who are ever prowling about old libraries, as so many jackalls in a Turkish churchyard, in the hopes of discovering a grain of gold in a heap of rubbish, has really made a wonderful *trouvaille*, if his own version is to be relied on. In a little town in the south of France, which possesses a large collection of manuscripts, among these, our explorer has discovered a comedy of Molière's, entitled *Le Baron Medicin*. According to the *Athénæum Français*, which, under all reserves, gives some details, the manuscript is from beginning to end written in Molière's hand, and even bears his signature, *J. B. Poquelin Molière*. It is needless to inform your readers that autographs of Molière are extremely scarce; it would not therefore

be impossible for some French Simonides to pass off some of his own elucubrations as the production of the great French dramatist. But the news is, as I have already hinted, to be received with the utmost caution.

*Apropos* of Simonides, you will have seen that his trial has come to an unexpected issue. He was arrested on Feb. 1, at Leipzig, and taken to Berlin on the 17th of the same month. The case, after a searching preliminary investigation by Judge Wollweber, came on before the Criminal Court. Simonides, who as you are aware can only speak Greek and Roman, had to be examined through an interpreter; but the charges against him were either too difficult of proof, or unfounded, for a few days ago he was acquitted. The police, however, immediately took charge of him, and I believe he is to be sent back to that brigand-infested country, where King Otho reigns with a phlegmatic nonchalance worthy of Dr. Pangloss.

The great novelty in Paris is *L'Oiseau*, a work by Michelet, the well-known historian. It is in prose, but has many points in common with Tennyson's poem. There is a vague *je ne sais quoi*, that charms and bids you read on, and yet it produces no definite impression upon the reader's mind. The aspirations of the soul, personified by *L'Oiseau*, and its perceptions of the beautiful in nature, are the theme which M. Michelet has developed, with his usual talent, but assuredly not with his usual lucidity. In fact, in *L'Oiseau* there is much that reminds me, not only of the poet above mentioned, but also a great deal of Emerson, with an occasional dash of Carlyle.

A M. Potvin has just published at Brussels a volume of verses—I can't call it poetry—called *Le Poème du Soleil*. The idea is rather humorous; and Dickens, Albert Smith, or the amusing compiler of the "Memoirs of a Stomach," would have worked it up into something very amusing. The writer purports to give a history of the sun—shows him worshipped as a God by our primitive ancestors, deprived of motion by Joshua, set "in the right place" by Galileo; and, in the nineteenth century, turned into a cheap portrait-painter. M. Potvin, however, though he has ideas, has not the gift of placing them before the public in an attractive way; his language is tumid and sesquipedalian, or he mistakes the language of statics and natural philosophy for that of poetry. For instance—

*L'élan original, l'attraction centrale  
Se combinent—l'ellipse est la diagonale.*

These lines remind one of the owl's little ones in the fable—

*De petites monstres fort hideux,  
Reçhignés, un air triste, une voix de Mègère,*

but whom their fond parent thought beautiful—a feeling evidently akin to that with which M. Potvin regards the *petits monstres* whereof he has just brought a collection into the world.

## AMERICA.

*Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years' Social, including Twenty Years' Professional, Life.* By HARRIET K. HUNT, M.D. Trübner and Co., Paternoster-row. Jewett and Co., Boston. 1856.

WHEN a woman steps out of her own sphere, adopts a profession of the other sex, and writes a book about herself, we expect that the book will in some way justify the unusual proceeding. Unfortunately for Harriet K. Hunt, M.D., her own pen is the strongest witness against female physicians. The medical professor, unless he be the veriest quack, must recognise the laws of science; but Miss Hunt's transcendental intellect scorns the usual order of discoveries and inventions. Facts and fancies are jumbled together in the most original manner. Poetical similes and extravagant appositions may be excused in the fair devotee of *light* literature, but can hardly inspire us with a confidence in the lady's knowledge of physiology and chemistry. In one part of this work she informs us—without, however, giving her authority—that

Philosophers tell us that when telegraphic wires thread the air, and railroads encircle the globe, a healthful and equalising effect will be produced upon the extremes of heat and cold in the atmosphere, and the days of Eden will return.

Accepting this statement as a fact, we should propose "A Torrid Zone and Polar Equality of Temperature Company." But Miss Hunt seizes upon this new truth for a comparison.

Even so, when the telegraphic wires of spiritual communication shall be extensively established between lofty minds and pure hearts, they will equalise and purify the moral atmosphere around us, and a state of society, far higher than an Eden of mere innocence, will be created, which will be as fatal to vice as that of the fabled Upas is to animal life.

A more exaggerated style of composition, a more heterogeneous collection of words, or a greater



affectation of sentiment, it was never our lot to criticise. Ladies who are fond of new dresses and bonnets "have the element of progress inherent in their natures;" "they are chronic conservatives." The conceit and egotism of the writer is intensely amusing. The first chapter opens with the date and circumstance of the marriage of her parents. Her father she describes as a "North-End." Her own birth she thus modestly describes:

The birth of the firstborn was an event, not only in the family, but in the neighbourhood, and it even excited interest among strangers. Severe, sorrowful, anxious hours dragged by. Still the physicians tarried. After three days of intense anxiety—surgical skill being demanded—a baby was born, and laid away as lifeless. . . . A careful, capable aunt, who herself had a family, took this baby—this child of so many after-prayers, hopes, and aspirations, and exerted all her skill for its preservation.

The entrances and exits on and off the stage of life are all peculiarly described by this remarkable writer.

Miss Hunt's father dies suddenly at an election of municipal officers.

He started, and exclaimed, "Brother Joel!" One gasp—it was all over. Every effort was made—warm water was at hand—venesection was resorted to—every thing that brotherly love, combined with medical skill, could suggest, was brought to the solemn occasion. But the soul was gone; the spiritual world had its tenant! The Rev. Sebastian Strecher came in from an adjoining room and made an affecting prayer. Preparations were then made to notify us, and remove the body.

After establishing a Ladies' Physiological Society, where "married women—mothers meet together to obtain more light regarding their own physical natures," she thus speaks of herself:—

My medical life had trained me to an individuality which I have never regretted. I am the disciple of no medical sect. I am not the proselyte of any special school. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in my practice I have availed myself of all. . . . I had an opportunity of knowing something of the workings of the various pathies and isms through my patients. Every day, week, and month deepened my conviction of the total ignorance that prevailed in regard to the nature and power of medicinal agents: I said to myself, I trust that all will yet be right; enlighten every mind you meet; and a change may be gradually wrought in these matters.

How fortunate for society that Harriet K. Hunt was born to set the world to rights. According to her own estimate of her powers, science may receive at once from her the solution of all doubts. As a politician, Miss Hunt ceases not to agitate for the rights of woman. At one public meeting, where Paulina Wright Davis was in the chair, it was resolved "That it is the duty of the women of our day to study enough of that abstruse science of *surveying*, to define, if possible, the boundaries of 'their own sphere,' that men be no longer compelled to keep them informed of its limits." In one place she says:

Memory does not serve me whether it was in 1851 or '52 that I became acquainted with Mary Ann Finch, the author of "An English Woman in America." . . . My visit with her to the Shakers brought me into very pleasant relations to her. Her broad womanly views were met, and the woman movement pleased her much. I enjoy her correspondence; she is wide awake on reform, and is one whose spirit breaks down time and space."

The following extract is very characteristic.

On returning from the Pennsylvania convention, I visited "The Falls." Niagara! how I love that word. That trinity of *a's*, carries you to first principles, and I can fancy the natives rolling off those *a's* in their deep guttural tones, in harmony with the roaring, dashing waters of the cataract. Has anything ever been said, sung, or written, worthy of the spot? Can language clothe itself in any form suitable to the subject? No. Heart-language, soul-music, has found no exponent of this sacred place. My first sensation was a *new birth*. I felt all lungs, as though I had never breathed before. A pulsation pervaded my whole being—so novel I could not attempt a description.

In conclusion, Miss Hunt thus sums up the story of her revelations:—

Why have I thus invited you to look at this statue of my life? Do I presume upon the aloneness of this experience? . . . I have never asked any one to look at myself. O no. *Great principles* are all that I have sought to exhibit. It is *these only* I have invited you to study in the different phases of my life. But, after all, my friends, I have only shown you the *outside* of that life. . . . The *I* is still concealed behind this *paper tapestry*—still inshrined

within a holy of holies, into which human eye has never looked—where human foot has never trod. Even now, I stand in *conscious hiddenness*. . . . But why have I presented to you this statue of my life? I will tell you. . . . I heard a voice saying unto me, "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are." In simplicity I have obeyed, doing what my hands found to do; I feel a debt has been paid to humanity—a burden rolled off my heart, and a recognition of my home responsibilities publicly expressed."

This exponent of the Women's Rights movement in America requires no criticism.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

*Excavations on the Aventine Mount—Illumination of the Colosseum—Exhibition and Modern Art in Rome.*  
Rome, March 17.

New interest has lately been added to the site where stands, on the now solitary Aventine, the beautiful but little frequented, old church of St. Sabina, with its Dominican convent, once a Papal palace, built by the powerful family of the Savelli, and conceded in part by Honorius III. to St. Dominic, for monastic residence, in 1216. In the gardens attached to these antique cloisters, and spreading over a steep declivity that overlooks the Tiber, were commenced, in the now expiring winter, some excavations, whose late results have been highly important to antiquarian study. The Dominicans here, whose prior, Besson, is a French ecclesiastic distinguished as an artist of sacred subjects, have caused these works to be carried on at their own expense, without assistance from Government, and under the superintendence of an intelligent French master-workman, who now acts *cicerone* to visitors. From him I learnt that, in some instances, the generosity of private individuals had supplied contributions very desirable for an undertaking of cost not easily defrayed by the religious community; and that, a few days since, an English gentleman offered 20 scudi for this object, desiring to remain anonymous. We first enter, by torchlight, a small vaulted chamber opening from the sides of the declivity, with masonry in brickwork apparently of ancient Roman mixed with mediæval construction, the latter inferred to have belonged to the Savelli Palace of the twelfth century. This chamber is quadrilateral, with walls and vaults in good preservation; and its contents worthy notice are, at one side, a heap of *pozzolano*, the best description of that fine yellow sandy soil, that must have been brought hither for purposes of building—not being found, as the outer stratum at least, in the Aventine earth: near this, some fragments of mosaic pavement, in white and black (or other dark-coloured) marbles, disposed simply in cubes, without devices. From hence opens a low doorway, over which hangs a massive construction of tufa-stone, cut through for the egress, identified by antiquarians as part of Servius Tullius's fortification, or Agger, and, in a report on the subject in the *Giornale di Roma*, regarded as comprising also a remnant of the still earlier walls formed by Ancus Martius—if so, one of the most ancient monuments in Rome from the regal epoch. This forms the most interesting feature in the discovery, seeing that hitherto the only known remains of the Agger of Servius consisted of a long ridge, extending through gardens from the Quirinal to the Esquiline Hill, nearly covered by soil, and partly planted with trees, so as to appear reclaimed by nature from the demesne of man's creations. Another singular circumstance is, that the Aventine portion of these fortifications has been included within the Roman palace (which the *cicerone* declares an imperial one)—an arrangement justifying the inference that this residence must have been, if not that of Emperors, at least that of owners standing in the high places of society. Stooping through the low doorway, we pass into another chamber, and thence successively into many more, of different size, whose walls in many parts are of the *opus reticulatum*, considered the finest kind of Roman brickwork; in others, of laterital, or construction in which long narrow bricks run parallel, with a slight layer of cement between. The addition, frequently observable, of ruder and less regular masonry, shows clearly that, on the ground-work of the ancient, has sprung up a comparatively modern edifice of superior scale and dignity. From the upper part of the walls, in one chamber, opens a conduit; and two cisterns, sunk in the ground, now filled up with soil, make it evident that the destination must have been for a domestic bath. In other rooms are small windows, whose orifices are now choked up; and one of the largest terminates in a spacious archway communicating with the open air, immediately overlooking the Aventine declivity, from which is commanded a noble view—one of the best in modern Rome—of the winding Tiber, the Capitol, the Janiculum, and a multitude of churches. These halls are vaulted, and several parts of their ceiling still covered with Roman stucco of the finest description. One of the most lofty and narrow, whence a few steps descend into a lower floor, retains, on the stucco-coating of its walls, remnants of painting, the figures and arabesques of which are distinctly seen by torch-

light; and among these beside graceful festoons of foliage, is an interesting little group of a sacrifice, representing several tiny figures before a slightly-fashioned adicula, within which, on a pedestal, is the worshipped idol—the whole much resembling a pretty object of domestic ornament. It appears that this chamber had served, probably long after the epoch of palatial splendours, under these buried vaults, for a place of imprisonment. On one of its walls are several lines of Latin rudely scratched in the stucco, out of which I in vain endeavoured to decipher a coherent sentence, but was assured by my loquacious guide that the indefatigable and learned Jesuit, Padre Marchi, had succeeded in reading here an inscription conveying curses against those who had incarcerated him, from an unfortunate prisoner, who seems to have finished his life in the same wretched condition, for a skeleton, with all its anatomy perfect, was found in this chamber, now interred, by order of the prior, in the garden above. Also, in these dimly-traced records of the prison-house, has been read a vow of sacrificing to Bacchus in case of the writer's liberation—early example of the oft-repeated attempt to bribe the intervention of celestial powers for relief of suffering mortality! Between the two last rooms whence we issue again into the open air (at the limit farthest from that of our entrance into the subterranean) hangs another considerable fragment of the Servian fortifications, with quadrangular blocks, more perfect than in the other instance, exposed by the falling away of the walls inclosing it, like a curtain, on both sides. Near this compartment is a kind of vestibule, where have been deposited a number of skulls and bones disinterred in different places. And opposite to the niche in which lie heaped up these ghastly objects, opens a spacious channel, of regular construction, lined at the sides with brick, at the roof and on the floor with marble, still smooth and compact. This extends, and is permeable, to the length of fifty metres. I crawled some way into it, without much inconvenience (though of course on hands and knees), to observe, in a recess at one side, an iron water-cock, with a leaden tube, in good preservation; and, at the other side, nearer the entrance, a narrow channel, lined with brick, slanting from above into the larger one, no doubt for admitting rain-water.

Descending now into the garden, by a steep slope formed as the provisional entrance into the ruins, we look down upon two other large quadrangular rooms, yawning before us like cisterns, without any remnant of roof, and not yet rendered accessible from below. The pavement of one still retains fragments of black and white mosaic; that of the other is regularly laid down, and still almost perfect, in tiles. Another, more elaborate mosaic than any I saw, and described by my guide as belonging to the best examples of antique Roman art in this department, has been partly uncovered in a chamber where the workmen are now engaged, and which, from its position at the edge of the declivity, it is not deemed safe for the visitor to enter as yet. Looking down from these gardens upon the slopes of the hill, we perceive enormous masses of soil ejected by the excavators, who found most of the chambers completely filled with such material.

I can never ascend the Aventine without visiting St. Sabina, for there is a spell of fascination in the forlorn beauty of this old church, a Basilica in style, though not in ecclesiastical rank. Its lofty nave, and aisles divided by Corinthian columns of Greek marble, with a high attic pierced by small windows above, and ceiling of plain wooden rafters projecting from the gloomy shade of the roof that rises triangularly above its stately high altar of precious stones and apse decorated with large frescoes illustrating saintly lives, its mediæval tombs chiselled in low relief as the pavement with Gothic epitaphs, primitive mosaics on each side an inscription in gold letters and Latin verse above the entrance, and portals of cypress-wood carved with quaint figures of the thirteenth century—form, in their harmonised combination, a scene, solemnised by the profound stillness, and yet more by sacred memories, to elevate and tranquillise the mind. Here, too, is that exquisite creation of the pencil—one of the most tender and devotionally poetic in the whole circle of Christian art—the "Madonna and Child, with St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Sienna," by Sassoferrato (a small picture so prized that Pontific authorities never allow it to be copied unless on a different scale from the original). The old cloisters, too, have interesting features; and in the chapel, once cell, of St. Dominic, is a finely characterised, intensely devotional head, copied (according to tradition) from an original portrait of that Saint. On the ground-floor I was conducted into a room where some hundreds of objects, many highly precious, found in the excavations described, have been accumulated. A number of small terra cotta lamps (similar to those both for Pagan and Christian uses) found in such multitudes elsewhere in or near Rome and Naples, various fragments of glass phials and several ivory *styli*, perfectly preserved, lie together on a table here. The specimens of glass astonished me by the high attainment in that manufacture evinced in them—far beyond what I have observed in any similar relics of Roman antiquity. Several architectonic fragments, cornices and friezes, with beautiful chisellings in marbles of dif-

ferent colours, are placed on shelves round the room; the most precious and remarkable of these being cut in a series of parallel grooves, curved inwards at one extremity, in the finest *giallo antico*. Signets, in terra cotta, consisting of circular designs with letters in relief, the well-known objects recognised as the professional marks of Roman masons or architects, are on other shelves. The only two pieces of statuary are small, but of superior character—a torso of Jupiter (whose figure restored would be about three feet high), and another still more imperfect fragment of a draped female figure. Among various inscriptions on marble, one has great historic value; it is, I am assured, the corresponding half of a tablet at Naples long searched for in vain, presenting the record of a Consulate deficient in that other moiety, and thus filling a void hitherto left in Roman annals. Visconti has read a report on these antiquities at a meeting of the Archaeologic Academy; and the Chevalier Rossi has made them the subject of a printed, though not yet published, treatise, which I have not had the benefit of studying. My observations on the spot, noted down immediately afterwards, are all the above communication pretends to convey.

Some natives of the United States (now, perhaps, even more numerous than English in Rome) provided for the Roman public the other night, gratuitously, one of the grandest spectacles conceivable—an illumination of the Colosseum by Bengal lights—a sight unwitnessed for about four years. Only six American gentlemen, I believe, clubbed together for liberally defraying the costs, about 300 scudi, of this unique display. And a marvellous, visionary, mysteriously resplendent spectacle it was, in the floating pomp of intermingled shadow and intense light, resembling rather a stupendous creation of wizard power than anything substantial or of human workmanship. A singular and magical effect was produced, at one period, by the blending of the three colours, red, yellow, and blue, in fairy splendour, that brought into luminous relief every projecting stone and archway, every furrow and roughened inequality, every creeping

plant and wild flower, on the more salient surfaces, whilst leaving huge cavernous abysses and far-reaching vistas still in profoundest shadow. The ascent of a rocket from the thonged arena gave signal for the first display of coloured lights, after a dim illumination by torches had for some time brought out, only into mystic adumbration, the principal outlines of vast architecture; and during the greater part of the time, the music of a military band accompanied the display with mournfully triumphant strains, the only sounds that accorded with the grand remembrances and majestic realities of the scene. A similar illumination of the triumphal arches and temples on the Forum followed—the imposing finale to this sublime pageantry, which a dark but mild and starry night favoured—and countless multitudes assembled to witness. The annual exhibition of modern art here has raised its head, in this present instance claiming higher distinction than in years past, and drawing much greater crowds to the rooms on the Piazza del Popolo. Its committee has adopted a system like that of the English Art Union, taking subscriptions of three scudi, and setting apart a certain number of pictures to be disposed of by lot. Foreign, much rather than native talent, still retains predominance on the walls of these exhibiting rooms; and among English contributions have been noticed with deserved praise the landscapes of Murch, Poignestre (by whom is an admirable scene from the mountains of Carrara, with oxen dragging loads of marble, the landscape details beautifully filled in), and others. The present Roman school of painting stands but low; for, though we must recognise imaginative powers in the historic painter, Podesti, and great ability as draughtsmen in Agricola and Minardi, nothing could be more theatrical, false, and pedantic than the generality of new works produced here—witness the great gaudy pictures at St. Paul's, the oil and fresco adornments of almost every modern Roman church. A large picture has lately been finished by Catalani, ordered for the private apartments of the Pope, representing the accident at St. Agnese on the 12th April last;

and another of the same subject, in fresco, has been commissioned by Pius IX. for the walls of that church, the room of whose monastic buildings into which the party (including his Holiness, Cardinals, and many others), fell from the upper floor, without any serious injury, is now being converted into an *ex voto* chapel. The other day, visiting the studio of Tenerani, I was so fortunate as to find the great sculptor at work, engaged on another model, of small scale, for his monument, to Pius VIII. His fine statue, a seated figure, presenting an aspect of intellectual preoccupation truly statesman-like, of the unfortunate Count Rossi, was being elaborated in the marble whilst I remained. Benzoni is engaged on a colossal relief of the Assumption, finely conceived, for a church at Bergamo. His relief of the Annunciation, for the Immaculate Conception Memorial, was taken by him in the sketch to the Vatican, and highly approved by Pius IX. Spence has been for some time engaged on two companion statues (though not on the same pedestal), Cupid and Psyche, of higher and more truly poetic character, it strikes me, than any others by this rapidly progressing young artist. Among works of interest by American sculptors here, I may mention the *Commerces* (a most spiritedly designed and majestic female figure seated on a bale of merchandise, with a banner) *Sappho*, and *Eve penitent*, by Mr. Bartholomew; and *Pocahontas*, an idealised portrait statue of the celebrated Indian Princess who became a Christian, and the wife of an English gentleman, named Rolfe, by Mr. Mozier. She must, indeed, have had beauty of a high order, if this statue can be considered a likeness. Cornelius has just forwarded to Berlin his sketch of the picture to be there executed in fresco, for a great church—the celestial Hierarchy round the throne of the Redeemer, awaiting the dread moment of final judgment—a sublime subject sublimely treated by him. The most distinguished literary novelty here is the 7th volume, posthumously published, of Cardinal Mai's "Nova Bibliotheca Patrum."

C. J. H.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

In a paper read at the Geological Society, by Mr. Rubidge, on the geology of South Africa, it appears that the discovery of gold in a settlement on the Orange River, in 1854, has been confirmed, several pieces of the metal having been since found at the same spot. Besides being found in the alluvium there, gold was met with in a quartz vein in the trap traversing the stratified rock, in other quartz associated with the trap, and in a mass of limestone enclosed in the trap dyke, but none in the stratified rock itself, which is of the Dicyonodon or Karoo series. Some fossil plants, which were referred to the *Calamites*, had also been found in the strata. There were also bones of the Dicyonodon near the Caledon River. The existence of the Dicyonodon or Karoo rocks had been recognised in other parts, and also near Natal, where they are rich in coal. With regard to the geology of Namaqualand and bordering countries, granitic rocks of several varieties occur, together with gneiss, mica schist, and talc schist; these are covered by horizontal sandstones, apparently a continuation of the sandstone of Table Mountain. The copper is found in fissures of the gneiss. The ores most common are red and black oxides, green and blue silicates, purple and yellow sulphurets, and a few carbonates.

Mr. Harkness, "On the Lowest Sedimentary Rocks of Scotland," adduced evidence of the overlying rocks of alternating sandstones and shales having been deposited in shallow water, and probably under littoral conditions, as casts of desiccation cracks, surface pits, annellid tracks, and the track of a small animal, probably crustacean, have been observed. These fossiliferous shales and sandstones are the lowest rocks in Scotland that have yet afforded fossils, and therefore contain some of the earliest records we possess of organised existence.

Mr. J. W. Salter, "On Fossil Remains in the Cambrian Rocks of the Longmynd," communicated the discovery of organic remains in some of those ancient sediments which have hitherto been termed "azoic." Some fossil traces of annelides and of a trilobite were found in the unaltered sandstone beds on the eastern side of the Longmynd. The most interesting of the fossils from this sandstone, however, are the indications of fragments, cephalic and caudal, of a trilobite allied apparently to the *Deilelocephalus* of Owen, to which Mr. Salter had given the name of *Palaeopage Ramsayi*.

The importance of "Natural History as knowledge, discipline, and power," was made the subject of a highly interesting paper at the Royal Institution by Professor Huxley. "The value of any pursuit

depends on the extent to which it fulfils one or all of three conditions—either it enlarges our experience, or it increases our strength, or it diminishes the obstacles in the way of our acquiring strength and experience." Taking natural history as mere knowledge, the common conception of the aims of a naturalist of the present day did him great injustice, although it might apply to one of a century and a half ago, when natural history hardly passed beyond the stage of more or less accurate anecdotes and a larger or smaller collection of curiosities. In the present day, by the investigation of *habits*, the inquirer is insensibly led into physiology, psychology, geographical and geological distribution; by the investigation of the relation of *forms*, he is no less necessarily impelled into systematic zoology and botany, into anatomy, development, and morphology or philosophic anatomy. Each required a lifetime. Yet the title of naturalist was applicable only to one who had mastered the principles of all; and each opens up fields of thought unsurpassable in grandeur and interest. "Take, for instance, morphology, which demonstrates that the innumerable varieties of living beings are modelled upon a small number of types. In the animal world there are only five of these types—the Protozoa, Coelenterata, Mollusca, Annulosa, and Vertebrata; and no other plan of animal form has ever made its appearance on our planet—"a marvellous fact, and one which seems to present no small obstacle in the way of the notion of the possibly fortuitous development of animal life;" and, travelling from one end to the other of the scale of life, this one lesson is taught, that "living nature is not a mechanism, but a poem—not a mere rough engine-house for the due keeping of pleasure and pain machines, but a palace, whose foundations are laid on the strictest and safest mechanical principles, but whose superstructure is a manifestation of the highest and noblest art." As discipline, natural history takes a high rank; for, in the pursuit of the science, it is essential that the mind should easily and accurately perform the four great intellectual processes of observation, experiment, induction, and deduction, for which the moral faculties of courage, patience, and self-denial, were necessary; for the basis of the character of a great philosopher was earnest truthfulness, and not any imaginary gift of genius. And the power of natural history was shown by the recent applications of that science in opening up sources of industrial wealth.

The failure which attended the laying of the electric telegraph across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Newfoundland to Cape Breton, has not deterred the company from again making an attempt. More than forty miles of cable had been paid out, when, a storm coming on, it was cut to save the ship. Not only will

the attempt be made again this summer, but preparations are going on for completing the chain of communication between Newfoundland and the southern coast of Ireland. The actual distance is sixteen hundred and forty-seven miles, and two thousand four hundred miles of cable will be made, the surplus acting as a reserve for inequalities of the bed of the ocean, and for drifting caused by currents and the wind. There will be only one conductor, consisting of small-sized copper wires twisted together, so that a flaw or break in any one will not interrupt the communication. Two steamers will be employed in the operation, each having half the length of cable on board, weighing about 900 tons; they will proceed to a central spot midway between the two coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland, and, joining their ends, will start each in an opposite direction—the one for Newfoundland, and the other for Ireland. During the operation, constant communication can be carried on between the two vessels, and the whole work will thus be accomplished in half the time that would be required for one steamer from coast to coast. The portion from New York to Newfoundland is to be completed by June next; for the other portion, from Europe to America, it is calculated that under this arrangement the process of laying the rope will not occupy more than ten days.

In elucidating the atmospheric phenomena of the seasons it appears, from observations carried on by Capt. Mackenzie, that the primary cycle of atmospheric currents, that is, of the winds, is 54 years. By a series of registered phenomena extending over 39 years it has been ascertained that the average number of days of east wind in a year is 140 days; and of westerly winds 215 days. And when there is any material excess or deficiency of the ascertained quantities the country is visited with years of scarcity or abundance. Again in the course of the primary cycle of 54 years there are ascertained periods of 27 years of weather favourable to cereal produce; and 27 years of a contrary tendency. Of course, legislation upon corn, currency, a state of peace or war affect the prices; but so far from the supposition being true, which was held out at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, that the average price of wheat would be about 56s., such is the powerful influence of the weather, that the prices on the average are alternately high or low on the divisions of the 54-year cycle, and the fact is that 56s. is the rate only on a series of unfavourable years and 36s. in years of abundance.

The recurrence of earthquakes in the North Pacific Ocean has been attended with fearful consequences in Japan and California—Jeddo, the chief town of Japan, having been destroyed, with a large portion of



its inhabitants; while at St. Francisco, so violent was the principal shock, which lasted about fifteen seconds, that the inhabitants feared the same result as at Jeddo. The shocks ranged apparently from south-west to north-east.

A large meteorite, weighing 14lbs, was exhibited at the last meeting of the Bengal Asiatic Society. A shower of stones had fallen in the neighbourhood of Soujoulee, and within a circle of a mile not less than thirty meteoric stones were picked up, the weight varying from 1lb to 4lbs., some weighing as much as 14lbs., and all more or less pyramidal in shape. The north-west provinces are remarkable for the frequency of meteoric showers, which are usually preceded by the sound of an explosion. The society possesses several remarkable meteoric masses; one found in Singhur being a mass of twenty-eight pounds of iron.

**ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The number of articles this year amounts to 223; last year there were 312. The object of the society being merely to inaugurate an example, many inventions which might otherwise have found their way here have been exhibited elsewhere, and thus the society has done good service in having been the means of establishing such exhibitions generally. Following the catalogue, there are among the motive machines, smoke-consuming apparatus, improvements connected with steam engines and in laying the permanent ways of railways; various modes of springs, pumps, fire-engines, and also omnibuses. Among manufacturing implements we may notice Nos. 68, 69, and 70, all new contrivances for vices. The first of these is patented as an adjustable vice; the second for gripping tapered objects; and the third as improvements in holding-instruments, including a variety of new forms of pliers, pincers, &c., which depend for their action on the more equable diffusion of pressure on the substance intended to be held.—No. 79 is a plate printing machine, for engraved plates. The difficulty of printing from engraved plates by machinery has been owing to the inability of cleaning the plates mechanically, and thereby superseding the hand. This has been effected by a series of wipers and polishers having a rotary motion, and passing over the surface of the plate successively, thus removing the surplus ink, and making the plate ready to receive the paper to be printed, the wipers and polishers being also cleaned in their turn by being brought into contact with cleaning-belts: the invention of Mr. R. Neale.

Mr. Bridges Adams proposes improvements in roofing, glazing, flooring, and paving. A series of useful contrivances is here presented: the roofs, which are flat, are made by sawn slates placed upon deals on edge, and kept together by fillets of galvanised hoop-iron, and by substituting glass for slate they may be ornamented with effect. The glazing is done by substituting cork-stopping or india-rubber, screwed together with fillets, for brittle putty; and the paving and flooring by perforated iron in triangular forms, or wood in iron frames, and edge-drained.—An apparatus for lowering and disengaging boats, by Mr. Russell, deserves notice. The act of lowering projects the boat several feet from the vessel; the two ends must be lowered together, as both the ropes lead to one barrel of the winch. One man can lower a boat full of people, and when near the water can free her from the tackle.—No. 142 is a patent marine cement, for preventing the inside corrosion of iron ships which takes place from the perpetual action of bilge-water and the corrosive action of acids. It is a mineralised substance, which does not absorb moisture, is not inflammable, and resists acids, and once coated can only be got off with a hammer and chisel.—A patent for earthenware reflectors, by Messrs. Westwood and Baillie, possesses some very important points. These are intended for marine or other lights, which are usually made of copper, silvered over. In this the copper is covered with thin platinum, and an earthenware glaze over the platinum, which presents a highly polished surface and at the same time resists the corrosive action of the sea air.—Some curried leather from the skin of the white porpoise seems to possess the essential requisites of toughness and softness, and has been considered superior to the skins of land animals; the price is the same as that of best calfskin; but a sample pair of boots shown is stated to have worn out seven soles.—The Arras Ecosais of Messrs. Whytock is a most ingenious invention of weaving what may be called tapestry carpets; the wool is dyed in colours, and when wove the patterns appear: facilities are here given for introducing any number of colours, and of thus producing great brilliancy in the design.—No. 202, dried provisions, by John Bethell. Any process that preserves provisions is deserving attention. This process, patented, drives off all the water "without dissipating any of the original flavour, leaving the constituents of all the juices in a perfectly soluble state." Provisions dried in this manner are said to keep sweet for many years, and only require to be soaked in water to be restored to their original condition.—A patent portfolio, by Mr. Harvey, is a contrivance to prevent "surreptitious inspection, injury, or abstraction;" and by means of side flaps keeps out the dust. It seems to be deserving the attention of artists.—The Nightingale cradle is an apparatus for the use of the wounded or the helpless sick: the

exigencies of the war have produced this contrivance, which, after a trial of a year and a half under the auspices of Miss Nightingale, has assumed her name. It consists of a moveable cover over any kind of bed, and is of such easy management that any attendant may change the patient's bed-clothes without assistance. Over an ordinary iron bedstead a supporting cradle is placed. This cradle, with cross bands and suspending sheet, has iron rods at its sides, and can be raised up and down by means of cords and pulleys. There is an opening left for cleansing purposes, while the cross-bands sustain the principal weight of the patient, ordinary lawn or strong calico being sufficient for the purpose.—Such are a few of the inventions exhibited. There are many other articles, no doubt, worthy of notice, as showing the germs of contrivances which may at some future time be brought to perfection. It must be evident that many mechanical improvements connected with railways, &c., require development with each successive invention; and, as we hinted on a former occasion, even the failures may, and no doubt will, prove sources of instruction to those whose dispositions lead them to the exercise of the inventive faculty.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

At a sale of the engravings, drawings, &c., of Messrs. Hering and Remington, which took place this week by Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, a copy in water-colours, by Lewis Haghe, of David Roberts's grand picture of the Destruction of Jerusalem, was sold for 210*l.*, and the stock and lithographic stones of the same work realised 700*l.*, while the other lots in the same sale brought good prices.—A monument to William Roscoe, the historian, has been erected in the Unitarian chapel, Renshaw-street, Liverpool, where Roscoe was interred. The monument consists of a bust of the historian placed in a niche of grey marble. The inscription is: "William Roscoe, Historian, Poet, Patriot, and Christian Philanthropist, born in Liverpool, March, 1753; died, June, 1831. This Monument was erected by his Fellow-worshippers, 1852."—The proposal of erecting a monument to the memory of Alexander Wilson, poet and ornithologist, in his native town, Paisley, is likely shortly to be realised.—Prof. Hopfgarten, of Biebrich, has repaired to Paris, in order to execute, in Carrara marble, a monument of the late Prince Ypsilanti.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

HER MAJESTY has engaged a box permanently at the Adelphi Theatre.—The season of opera at her Majesty's theatre is advertised to be one of thirty nights.—Mr. Gye and the musical artists engaged by him for his opera season have come to an understanding with the managers of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. During the months of May and June twelve grand concerts will be given there.—Mr. Wyld has opened at the Great Globe a new panorama, "From Balaklava to Blackwall."—The second new opera written for America, "La Spia," by Signor Arditi, founded on Fenimore Cooper's novel of "The Spy," has just been produced at New York, with Madame La Grange for heroine.

## LITERARY NEWS.

MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN is occupied at Apsley House, arranging the late Duke of Wellington's papers, for the purpose of writing the memoirs of the Duke.—*Punch* has been seized in Paris for the first time for several months. Its offence was the picture representing the Emperor standing by the cradle of his infant, while a figure of Liberty says, "Please may I be godmother?"—The *Dublin University Magazine* is again in Irish hands. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett had bought the plant from the trustees of Mr. McGlashan. It has been repurchased by Irish proprietors.—The *Leeds Intelligencer*, after having tried the experiment of a twice a week publication for three-quarters of a year, has resumed its old plan of publication, namely, once every Saturday. The proprietor, in announcing the abandonment of the Tuesday's issue, says the results of the experiment have not been such as to encourage him to persevere in it.—Mr. Hawthorne, the American author, and the United States Consul at Liverpool, dined on Monday week with the Lord Mayor.—Heinrich Heine, the poet, has left all his MSS. to his nephew, Herr Emble, a resident of Hamburg, with the intention of having them revised, and when put in order, incorporated in the entire edition of his works, which is now preparing for the press.—The Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside at the 67th anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, which is fixed to take place at Freemasons' Hall on the 7th of May.—Mr. J. Winter Jones has received the appointment of Keeper of Printed Books to the British Museum.—It is expected that the cele-

bration of the restoration of Peace will commence on the 24th of next month, her Majesty's birthday. A review in Hyde Park on that day, and fireworks on the two succeeding days, are spoken of.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ADELPHI.—*Like and Unlike*. A drama, in two acts; by Messrs. Langford and Sorrel.

### OPERATIC PROSPECTS.

A VERY short time ago, the critics were complaining of a piece which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre that, although it was wittily written, the incident was not strong enough to support three acts. If they wish to have the converse of this—plenty of incident and no wit—let them take this adaptation of *Therese, ou Ange et Demon*, written by MM. Bayard and Beauplan for the Gymnase Theatre.

The peculiarity of the piece consists in the now not uncommon stratagem of making one artist play two parts. Lisette, the heroine of the story, a virtuous and beautiful grisette, is about to marry young Mowbray, a rich young Englishman, who is studying art in Paris. Everything appears to smile upon their union until a strange complication of misconceptions is brought about by the extreme resemblance which she bears to an opera-dancer of notoriously bad character. This person is, of course, her own sister. The match with Mowbray is broken off for a time, only to be united again when the erroneous imputations upon her character are cleared away. Madame Celeste plays both the virtuous grisette and the opera-dancer; Mr. Webster takes the not very interesting part of Mowbray; Mr. Garden is the young gentleman's guardian; Mr. Selby is a foppish cousin who frequents the *coulisses*; Mr. Bedford is the German Count who marries the opera-dancer; and Wright is a wonderful Manchester man, who dresses in a most surprising manner, and has a taste for spending his money upon ladies of the ballet.

Now let it be perfectly understood that I do not seek to attach any blame to Messrs. Langford and Sorrel, when I say that this piece is spoilt in the translating. It is impossible that it should have been otherwise. To have preserved the bold and well-marked contrast between the virtuous sempstress and the spoilt child of vice, language and incidents must have been retained which would not have been tolerated upon our moral stage. The translators, therefore, had but one resource, which was carefully to extract all the "points" from the piece, and they have accepted it very conscientiously. Perhaps there was one more alternative, and perhaps also it is to be regretted that they did not accept that—namely, to leave the piece alone altogether.

The Queen has lately given a curious illustration of what was meant when Colonel Phipps wrote to Mr. E. T. Smith, stating that her Majesty did not intend to increase the number of boxes in her occupation—she has taken one at the Adelphi. It is to be hoped that this fact will have some influence in the way of abating certain eccentricities noticeable in the acting of Messrs. Wright and Bedford. One thing is certain, that it has had the effect of making Maiden-lane a thoroughfare for vehicles, which ought to have been done half a century ago. Such is the power of royalty. The Queen entertains a whim, and that which has been required for the public convenience in vain is immediately brought to pass.

Mr. Gye has solved all doubts as to the nature of his intentions by opening the Lyceum Theatre this very night with Verdi's *Trovanore*. The programme for the season includes Rigoletto, La Gazza Ladra, Otello, Matrimonio Segreto, Il Barbiere, I Puritani, Norma, Lucia, La Favorita, Fidelio, Don Giovanni, Il Comte Ory, L'Elisir d'Amore, Don Pasquale, Lucrezia Borgia, and Verdi's new opera La Traviata. In the list of artists engaged occur the names of Mmes. Grist, Jenny Ney and Bosio, and Mario, Gardoni, Formes, Lablache, Ronconi, and (unhappily for a few nights only) Tamberlik. It is also expected that the celebrated Italian tragedienne Madame Ristori will be engaged to play on some of the "off nights;" and it is stated that Mr. Gye will make an endeavour to enlarge his receipts by giving a series of concerts down at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It is pleasing to notice that Mr. Gye has met with a great deal of kindness and sympathy in his late misfortune from the artists with whom he had made engagements; so much so that he has thought it necessary to express to them in the most open manner his sense of gratitude for the liberal manner in which they have behaved towards him, in the way of relaxing the terms of their engagements, abating terms, &c. No better proof could be required of Mr. Gye's reputation among his artists than this voluntary generosity, without which indeed it would have been impossible for him to carry his plans into effect. Everybody must wish him a successful season.

Mr. Lumley's prospectus is not yet out, and it must be nearly a month before the theatre can open. I hear great things, however, of the preparations which are being made, and of the magnificent scheme upon which that able *impressario* intends to conduct his campaign. May he succeed too! Surely there is room for both.

JACQUES.

**THE PANOPTICON.**—The directors of this popular place of amusement gave an excellent concert last evening, in which Miss Ransford, Miss Lascelles, Madame Marietta, Madame Matthilde Rudersdorf, Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. Ransford, and the Spanish Minstrels took part. Mr. Chipp presided over the grand organ, and the whole affair went off very satisfactorily.

### OBITUARY.

**KOSMIAN,** Cajetan, the Polish poet, at his country-seat near Lublin, March 7.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Abbott's History of Hernando Cortes, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Adams's Humming Birds, 16mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Adams's Sea-Side Lesson-Book, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Alcock's St. Paul and his Localities, cr. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
Anderson's Modern Geography, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Bath's Tradesman's Profit Calculator, cr. 8vo. 2s. cl. swd.  
Beaumont's Diary of Journey to the East in 1854, 2 vols. 21s. cl.  
Beaumont's (Rev. Jos.) Life, by his Son, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
Bohn's Illust. Lib. "Duppas and De Quincey's Lives of Michael Angelo and Raphael, 5s. cl.  
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Bolton's Fragments of the Great Diamond, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
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Christian Faith and the Atonement, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
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Fairbairn's Prophecy and its Distinctive Nature, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
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Gosse's Tenby: a Sea-side Holiday, post 8vo. 21s. cl.  
Hague's Book of Songs, translated by Wallis, post 8vo. 9s. cl.  
Hoper's Golden A B C, etched from the German, oblong, 4s. cl.  
Kingdon's History and Sacred Obligation of the Sabbath, 2s. 6d. cl.  
Letters to a Child, 3rd thousand, 1854. 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
McCracken's Works, edited by his Son, Vol. II.: "Andrew Melville," 6s.  
Milligan's Original Poems, with Translations, fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Mill's Colonial Constitution, 8vo. 14s. cl.  
Morgan's Hidden Life, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Morris's Neoplatonism, 18mo. 1s. cl.  
Naturalist (The), Vol. V., royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Ossoli's At Home and Abroad, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
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Oxford Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 1856, 7s. 6d.  
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Tasso and Leonora, by the author of "Mary Powell," 7s. 6d. cl.  
Yates's Memoirs of the Count of Austria, by Demmler, 8 vols. 21s.  
Virgil, Georgics, with Notes by Sheridan, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Webster's Dictionary of English Language, by Goodrich, 16s. cl.  
Webster's Pocket Dictionary of English Language, 16mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Young's Mystery; or, Evil and Good, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

**LAMARTINE.**—In public affairs, M. de Lamartine has never been other than a poet. He was so alike in his stand for and against government. When he put his hand to the work of revolution, he was still the poet—that is to say, he brought to his work nothing but the dreams of a chimerical mind, the emphasis of a sophist, the grudges of a wounded heart. And when at length the Government of France fell, bit by bit, from his hands, he took to reign on a throne of metaphors. "You are only a minstrel! go along and sing!" cried a workman at the Hôtel de Ville. This *Mot*, related by the minstrel himself, accurately defines the sort of capacity he has exhibited as politician and as minister. He has not governed: he has sung.—*Sir N. Hall.*

**THE DISCOVERY OF GUTTA PERCHA.**—The President of the Indian Board, Mr. Vernon Smith, has placed on his list of military nominations for November next the son of the discoverer of this indispensable sap of an Indian tree, without the help of which we should not be able, as we now are, to know in five minutes' time what transpires in Crim Tartary, 3000 miles off. The discoverer was Dr. William Montgomerie, of the Indian medical service, and this only in the year 1845, although many of the countries producing the article have been in European occupation for above 300 years. The mode in which the discovery was made is worth mentioning. Dr. Montgomerie, observing certain Malay knife and kris handles, inquired the nature of the material from which they were made, and, from the crude native manufacture, inferred at once the extensive uses to which the gutta percha might be put in the arts of Europe. He purchased a quantity of the raw material, sending from Singapore part of it to Bengal and part to Europe, and suggesting some of the uses to which he fancied it might be applied. The quantity sent to England secured to him at once, as the discoverer, the gold medal of the Society of Arts, his sole reward, until the President of the India Board, on no other ground whatever than his discovery, liberally bestowed his patronage on his son.

**THE "PATHOLOGY OF ENGLISH ART."**—At the Liverpool Philomatic Society, on Wednesday evening in last week, a lecture was delivered by Mr. J. T. Foard, on "The Pathology of English Art; its diseases—chronic, epidemic, and hereditary." One of the chief pathological states of high art was described, according to the local journal, as "an eruptive disease, recurrent like the measles or smallpox, attacking with fearful violence almost every painter in every stage of national history—its ravages being of the most painful kind." It made its first appearance in this country during the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Joshua himself was attacked by it at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1769, where it broke out in the shape of "Lady Blake as Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus."—"Miss Morris as Hope, nursing Love," &c. &c. At present the symptoms assume in general a somewhat milder form, as in "Nymphs Bathing," "Nymphs Reclining," "Nymphs Surprised," &c. A description of one would serve for all. To convert "Nymphs Bathing" into the "Sirens," or "Venus and her Nymphs" would be merely a matter of repetition. "But if the Choice of Paris were required, the recipe would be as follows:—Take the same three figures: turn the green sea into green fields, the sea-weed into ditches, the shells into sheep, &c.; add an adolescent male figure nude; garnish with extra blue sky and a rocky foreground;—serve. Repeat this *ad nauseam*, and you have modern English or nineteenth century classic art." The paper next referred to the "manufacturing" of pictures, which "impaired the function and paralysed the action of one-half the body corporate of art." A denunciation of the Pre-Raphaelite school concluded the whole. A discussion ensued, and the hanks of the society were awarded to Mr. Foard.—*The Builder.*

**THEATRE ROYAL, MELBOURNE.**—The opera of *La Vecchia Madre Ubardo*, the most successful Lingua-Franca opera, by the most successful—almost the only successful—though others ought to have been successful—yet few, like Grindini, have been successful—of Lingua-Franca composers, was last night produced at this house. The overture, with its prophecies of a vacant cupboard, and shopping visits to numerous tradesmen, the theatre crammed to the ceiling, and the books of the opera (incorrect, by the way, as the original editions do not contain the cavatina "Piccola Bo-Pipa," the words of which are by Petrarch, and the music by Paisiello), inevitably referred us to Sadler's Wells. Nell Gwynne, and Tennyson. But Tennyson, Nell Gwynne, and Sadler's Wells were dispelled from our thoughts when the curtain rose upon the first act, and the *prima donna*, in the character of *La Vecchia Madre*, after the opening recitative, proceeded to sing—

Andro al fornale,  
Compare del pane,  
E quando ritorno  
Fu morto il cane.

The fair *cantatrice* evoked the most rapturous applause, for she sang with a *grandezza* and a *raggio*, especially in the *scherzando* movement which marks the transition from the key of S minor to that of Q major (scientifically and artistically modulated, by the way, both by the vocalist and the orchestra) that fascinated the audience. We certainly objected to the substitution of the *accelerando* for the *sostenuto* time in the last three bars, which ought, strictly speaking, to have occupied seven more seconds in the performance. But we must not quarrel with artists of the Lingua-Franca school of music for departing from the purer principles of the German. Madame Sarabandini and Lenor Bassosfogato never sang better in their lives, and the favourite frondo—

Alla taberna vicina andro;  
Vino rosso e bianco compare;  
Ma quando la madre ritorno,  
Sulla testa il cane fu stare.

was redemanded with a *furor* of applause. The scenery was abominably painted; the choruses were totally ignorant of their parts, and the transposition of the music, originally designed for a *contralto* in the character of Il Calzolaio, so as to suit a *basso profondo*, was somewhat inimical to the success of the opera. In other respects, if the three acts be compressed into one, the recitative and the choruses excised, and the *libretto* sung in German instead of French, English, and Italian, we predict that *La Vecchia Madre Ubardo* will have a lengthened run.—*Melbourne Punch.*

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